

## MCYT Ice Skating AU

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## MCYT Ice Skating AU

by [soarynt](#)

Summary

When Dream woke up this morning he did not expect to be silently watching the most beautiful man he has ever seen glide across the ice with all the grace of a swan, but he most certainly does not regret walking into this beautiful masterpiece.

or the dnf ice skating au no one asked for :DD

## Notes

this is an ice skating au i made because i want my friend to draw some fanart for me please follow them @miracclu on twitter,

george is kinda based off of yuzuru hanyu, mainly because this idea stemmed from an artwork and my personal obsession with ice skating aksjks

t for language aside from that this is pretty fluffy

this isn't beta-ed either i wrote this on a whim aksjdksj

without further ado let's get on with the fic

# The Pretty British Man

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Dream woke up this morning he did not expect to be silently watching the most beautiful man he has ever seen glide across the ice with all the grace of a swan, but he most certainly does not regret walking into this beautiful masterpiece.

He had expected the rink to be empty by now, it was after six pm, the sun was long gone, and it was the middle of winter. Point is, it was cold as fuck and he did not expect to be watching a spectacle in a tight fitting shirt and leggings, doing twirls and spins across the ice. Not that he was complaining or anything.

It wasn't like he was doing anything important, anyway, he was just gonna get in, throw the puck around with a few slap shots and go home, but all of this was derailed by the pretty man who was still quietly skating, with what looked to be some athletic earbuds in. Fancy.

The man's lithe figure starts speeding towards the outer edge of the rink as he attempts a jump, he shoots across the ice like a rocket, spinning three or four times mid-air. Dream guffaws as he sees the man land the jump on one foot, with his arms out-stretched. He's still gaping when the man sees him, does a double-take and falls flat on his face.

He ignores the fact that he fell in favour of staring at his behind, because damn do figure skaters have nice assets, they have nice assets. The man promptly gets up and skates towards the edge where Dream is standing, and Dream feels his eyes lazer focus on the man skating toward him. He swears he could see a rose-tint and red flower petals around the man's pretty face.

The man smiles at him and Dream can hear his heart skip a beat, what the FUCK was going on? He stares into the warm chocolate brown swirls that were the man's eyes, they looked like an earthy, autumn forest he could wander around in for forever. His eyes drift down to the man's cheeks, pink from exertion, he assumed, but if he ignores that he can pretend that the man's pink flush was because of him and that he was as flustered as Dream was.

Dream's eyes travel even lower and he sees cherry red lips, they aren't chapped like he expected them to be. They looked nice and soft and- fuck they were moving, what was the pretty skater man saying? He was too busy staring at the pretty skater man's face.

He tunes his ears to what the man was saying and he swears he hears angels sing. The man's voice was soft, a bit high, with what sounded like a British accent. Dream's brain fries at the realization that he's British because, of course, he fell in love with the pretty exchange student, that was just his luck.

Anyway, what was the pretty British man saying? Oh he's staring, waiting for a reply.

"Uhhhh," is all Dream manages to get out, fuck if he chokes right now the pretty British man will think he's just another dumb American-

"I was asking if you wanted to share the rink for a while," the pretty British man supplies, when he sees Dream dumbly staring at him. "I'm not done with my routine yet, just have to practice a few more jumps and I'll be out of your hair."

*No, no please I want you to stay in my hair, live in my hair please- Wait what?*

Dream just nods, numbly, not trusting the bullshit that might come out of his mouth if he tries to speak now. He silently walks over to one of the benches and starts lacing up his hockey skates. He hears the pretty British man skate over to one side of the rink, the sound of his ice skates gliding across the ice, soothing Dream somewhat. Once he's laced up his skates, he grabs his stick and skates onto the ice. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and gives himself a peptalk.

*Woooo you got this Dream, it's just hockey, you know hockey, you've been paying it since you were three. No need to overthink, the pretty British boy in front of you isn't even watching, he's busy practicing his own routine. You can do this.*

He opens his eyes right as he's about to slam into one of the Plexiglas walls, and immediately brings up his hands to save his face from pancaking onto the wall. He chances a glance at the pretty British man and his breath gets stolen away for what feels like the millionth time that evening.

The man is gliding with his body so close to the ice Dream thinks he might fall. He's using the back inside edge of his right blade, with his leg bent at a ninety degree angle. His left leg is stretched out behind the right in a perfect line, not even touching the ice. He has his left hand on the ice while his right is extended above his head. He spins three times before he raises his head and looks directly at Dream, and continues on with his routine, gliding across the ice.

Dream doesn't know if he's gone completely batshit or what but he swears the pretty British boy winked at him and gave him a little smile when they were making eye contact. After that little stunt, Dream is completely transfixed onto the figure skating in front of him. Every turn, twist and jump has him on the edge of his seat, he almost takes off his skates and sits down on one of the benches so that he can watch the performance in front of him. Keyword: almost.

“I can feel you staring, you know?” says the sweet angelic voice of the pretty British man.

“Uhhh, what?” Dream replies, still stuck at the same spot he almost hit the Plexiglas. He doesn't even have the common decency to stop staring at the said man. It must've been funny because the pretty British boy lets out a little giggle, and Dream silently makes a promise to do whatever it takes to hear that giggle again.

They fall back into a comfortable silence, where Dream just watches the man skate for however long he was skating for. The man speed into one final jump and flubs it. His toe hits the ice before he can get his skate down and he falls. He manages to turn his body around before he falls and lands onto the side of his thigh. Dream rushes over to him, already asking if he's okay and if he should call an ambulance. The man lets out another giggle at that.

“It's part of figure skating, everyone falls,” He shrugs and lets out another round of giggles, Dream smiles despite himself as the man starts to say something else. “Aren't you a hockey player? Shouldn't you be used to players getting hurt on the ice?”

Dream smiles sheepishly looking down towards his skates, “Uhm yeah but none of my players are

half as pretty as you.” And fuck he said that outloud, time to backtra-

The man lets out a full-on laugh at that and Dream looks at him fondly before offering him a hand to help him up. The man grabs onto it smiling, “I’m George.” He says.

Dream smiles back, “I’m Clay, but you can call me ‘Dream.’”

“Dream?”

“Yeah, it’s a long story.” He says rubbing his neck.

“Well, it’s a good thing I have a lot of time.”

## Chapter End Notes

i hope you enjoyed :DD

btw that thing that i described george doing where he's touching the ice is called hydroblading and its really cool to watch, you can definitely search it up and ugh i love figure skating man sdkshd

i might continue this au, i still have a ton of ideas for it so if you want me to continue it pester me on twitter (@soarynt) or just leave a comment here aksjd

# The Funny American Man

## Chapter Summary

George stares at the texts on his screen, watching the little blinking insertion cursor. His eyes flicker to the top of the screen to check the time, 8:23, damn, what did he get himself into? He lets out a sigh, saves Dream's contact and starts to type out his reply. If he smiles a small smile when he puts a little heart next to Dream's contact name then nobody has to know.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

That was a lie. George didn't have a lot of time. He was a figure skater, he had a strict schedule, after practice he was supposed to go back to his apartment and start on his essays that were due that week, but he supposed some measly essays could wait as he indulged the funny American man. Not like his interest in George was gonna last more than a month.

George isn't dumb, he knows the reputation he has around campus, he knows that people think he's snobby and mean, they think that he thinks he's above them or something, but in reality he just really doesn't have the time for anything other than passing conversations, so when Dream walked in and just gawked at him that day they met in the ice rink no one can really blame him for being suspicious.

When he got a good look at the American's face though, well he tripped and fell flat on his face which was definitely because of the dent in the ice he made from the quad flip earlier. He knew that Dream was definitely looking at him, he just didn't know if it was the "woah a figure skater" look or the "thats the bitch my friend told me about" look. Turns out it was neither, when George asked Dream later he says he was just looking at George because he was quote "entranced by his beauty," and if that flustered George well that was a secret between him and his pink cheeks.

George was definitely amused by the taller man, and he definitely wanted to speak to him more, but there wasn't much he could do about his dumb skater schedule and his dumb professor moving the dumb lecture to dumb time, that he couldn't be bothered to remember right now, he said as much to Dream, who just laughed this dumb wheeze-y laugh that just charmed George even more. And what else could George do but give the man his number? He was attractive and funny, but also attractive, and had green eyes and aBS, he was fit, so yes he gave Dream his number, and went on his way.

He went home, cooked himself dinner, finished those pesky essays and was in bed before eleven pm. He didn't realize how much of a bad idea it was to give Dream his number until he awoke the next day. The first thing he does when he wakes up is roll onto his side to check his phone, as everyone does, and is surprised to see twenty-one messages waiting for him, all from the same unknown number.

### Unknown Number:

1:53 AM

hi :)

its dream btw

i just wanted to say i think ur rlly funny and i want to be friends with u

wait

i guess were already friends huh?

but there was no consent so this is me asking to be ur friend :)

wait ur probably asleep uhhhh

what time do normal ppl wake up?

1:57 AM

i googled it

i now know that elon musk wakes up at 7 am everyday

'''

i'll be back in six hours ig,,,

7:00 AM

good morning :)

wait

should i stop texting you?

uhhh my friend says it makes me sound desperate

but im not i promise

i just really want to be ur friend

i realize that comes off as desperate

but im really not i swear

George stares at the texts on his screen, watching the little blinking insertion cursor. His eyes flicker to the top of the screen to check the time, 8:23, damn, what did he get himself into? He lets out a sigh, saves Dream's contact and starts to type out his reply. If he smiles a small smile when he puts a little heart next to Dream's contact name then nobody has to know.

**The Funny American Man <3**

8:24 AM

The reply was near instant.

8:24 AM

*hiiii :)*

*how are u?*

George decided he had the time to amuse the man, after all it was his free day and what were free days but essentially cheat days.

8:24 AM

**Pretty good**

**I just woke up**

**Today is my free day**

**But I have nothing else to do so I thought I might just go to the rink to practice a bit more if its ur free day then why are u practicing? :(**

**Well, I wanted to finally nail that jump I flubbed yesterday**

**If you're so worried you could always come with ;)**

Oh now he's done it, he stares as the bubble with the ellipses pops up and disappears several times. He decides now was a good time as ever to get up and start on breakfast. He lets himself out of the cocoon of blankets he had buried himself in last night and groans at the cold. He shrugs on a sweater he found lying on his desk and starts padding his way to his small kitchen.

He sticks his head into his fridge and assesses what he has. A carton of eggs, a loaf of bread, and some greens. He also had a bunch of sweets and a few random condiments in there but those weren't really breakfast options were they? He takes out the carton of eggs and bread loaf. He sticks the bread into the toaster and starts to grab a bowl for the eggs when he hears his phone vibrate against the counter.

He checks it and suddenly his plans for the day are settled and a huge smile splits across his lips.

**The Funny American Man <3**

8:29 AM

*sure :)*

*what time do u wanna meet?*

## Chapter End Notes

a bit shorter than last time but hey at least i updated right away asjdksjk  
no ice skating in this one just a bit of setup and some texting  
remember george is based off of yuzu keep that in mind, might give you a hint for a  
plot point later!!  
im already writing out the third chapter i was just a bit excited to post this sdkjd :D  
also can you hEAR dream's simping over the text? because i can  
anyways the updates for this won't be nearly as frequent as this one so be sure to  
follow my twitter (@soarynt) so that you guys know when i update!!  
also remember this is for my friend @mirraclu on twitter remember to follow her too!!

## It's NOT A Date

### Chapter Summary

Dream is currently having an existential crisis, ok he will admit that's a bit extreme, but point was he was freaking the fuck out. A cute boy, scratch that a cute British figure skater just asked him out on a date. Given it wasn't necessarily a date because they didn't agree that it was a date but Dream can pretend it was a date.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream is currently having an existential crisis, ok he will admit that's a bit extreme, but point was he was freaking the fuck out. A cute boy, scratch that a cute British figure skater just asked him out on a date. Given it wasn't necessarily a date because they didn't agree that it was a date but Dream can pretend it was a date.

While they were talking yesterday he found out that George wasn't actually a transfer student and that he had actually moved to Canada when he was sixteen, other than that Dream didn't really get much information. He knew that the dude was also majoring in Computer Science and that he was a year older than Dream. He wanted to know more and it seems as though the gods have smiled down upon him and given him another chance, and this time he wasn't gonna be a bumbling idiot.

He was still contemplating what he should say to George when he first saw him, when he realized that he hadn't actually responded to the said man. And so he began to panic and text Sapnap for the thousandth time that morning.

**Samsung Refrigerator**

8:25 AM

SAPNAP  
SAPPYTUS NAPPYTUS  
SNAPMAP  
DONT MSKE ME USE UR REAL NAME U BASTARD  
REPLY TO ME I KNOW UR AWAKE SHITHEAD  
I KNOW UR HEADING TO THE RINK BY NOW  
COACH IS STILL ASLEEP  
AND TECHNO ISNT THERE YET  
AND I DONT HAVE MORNIGN PRAC TODAY  
SO I KNWO UR ON UR PHOEN  
SO REPLY IDIOT

*tf do u want bro?  
its to early to deal with ur bullshit*

**\*You have sent a photo\***  
**(It's a screenshot of his conversation with George)**

*say yes if u want to go dumbass  
who's "pretty brit" anyway?  
u've been going off abt them since last night,,,*

**NONE OF UR DAMN BUSINESS  
SO I JUST SAY YES AND ASK FOR A TIME????**

*yeah???*  
*just fuckin talk to em like a normal human being????*

**NONE OF UR DAMN BUSINESS**

*if u mean none of my damn business???*  
*u've been yelling abt em since last night*  
*of course its my business*

**fine but dont tell the rest of the boys  
i met a pretty figure skater at the rink yesterday  
he was so pretty like damn sap u dont evn know  
his eyes were like molten chocolate rivers  
And he was like british too and it was like the hot accent not like tommy's**

*\*belching sounds\**  
*keep it in ur pants i dont wanna know*  
*have fun on ur date dream ;))))*

And that's how he replied to George, and of course he was lovely and replied back instantly saying they should meet up at the ice rink at around 9:10 AM and Dream sent a smiley face in return and that was the end of that. No right now the issue wasn't the Pretty Brit situation, well partly. The reason Sapnap was texting the team's group chat WAS George but it wasn't George's fault Sapnap was a prick. To be fair he was just as much of a prick to Sapnap but that was just their friendship really, when it came down to the serious shit, they knew that they'd be there for one another.

Instead of giving in and yelling at the team he elected to ignore the fact that they were basically talking about him behind his back, and focused instead on what he should wear on his not-date with George. He could always get back at the team with extra goalie practice or extra laps later, right now George had to be his priority. So he chose the best looking pair of sweatpants he owned, a white shirt and a baggy hoodie. Maybe that wasn't the most fashionable option he could've gone for but when you know you're going to an ice rink your options are quite limited.

He grabbed his stick, his equipment and his bag with two sets of spares in it because he knew he would have to trudge, his tired butt to practice, after lunch. That left him with a solid two and a half hours with George, Dream giggled, actually fucking giggled at the thought. Man, he met this dude yesterday, and he had already fallen this deep. He wonders how he would act if he actually bagged a date with the man, the thought alone is enough to make his heart race, so he derails that train of thought before it got to far. He checks the time and notes that he had just over ten minutes to get to the rink, so he grabs all his stuff, locks his door and leaves.

He gets to the rink at 9:10 on the dot, he smiles at the employee manning the rentals and heads inside towards the rink. There were a few people already skating around, none of which he

recognized to be the beautiful British brunette he met yesterday, so he heads towards one of the bleachers and pulls out his phone to text George.

### Pretty Brit

9:10 AM

**hey im at the rink already :)**

He starts lacing up his skates as he waits for his phone to buzz. He's looking down when he sees a shadow looming over him, so he looks up to see the beautiful face he met yesterday.

"Hello." George smiles, and Dream swears his heart melts right then and there. He tries to get his face muscles to cooperate with him to say "Hi," back but he's pretty sure he's stuck looking up at George's face halo-ed by the artificial lights of the rink. Eventually, George sits down next to him and starts doing his own skates and Dream can't help but stare at the man's pretty hands and the way they lace up his skates so tightly.

Dream also can't help but sniff at the scent the figure skater gives off. He gives off a sweet, almost candied berry scent. It wasn't too overpowering as he could still smell his own apple-scented shampoo and the smell of the two scents mixing together smelled heavenly to Dream, or maybe he was just hungry from not having breakfast, either way George smelled lovely.

Dream just stood there awkwardly waiting for his friend to finish lacing up his skates, once the Brit finally does finish, he stumbles and Dream's hands instinctively go to his waist to catch him. George's hands grasp at the closest thing they could grab, that thing being Dream's shirt, causing Dream to bend down with George. They end up in a position where Dream is between George's legs, one of which is up in the air, with his right hand positioned at the small of George's back and his left in the middle of his shoulder blades.

George had his eyes squeezed shut, bracing himself for the fall. A beat or two passes with George just clutching on to Dream tightly. When George finally opens his eyes, he looks down towards the ground then up at Dream with a shocked expression covering his face. He looked like he was going to say something but couldn't find the words. Dream being the helpful string bean that he is, does his best impression of Flynn Rider, smoulders his face and says, "Hi."

Dream watches as George's shocked expression melts into one of joy as he begins laughing. He knows he's being delusional but he thinks he hears all of his worries disappear along with George's laugh and he can't help but laugh along with him. George straightens up and accidentally hits his head against Dream, causing them to devolve into another fit of giggles.

Once they finally calm down, George stood up and patted at the place where he had grabbed onto Dream's shirt, starting to walk onto the ice.

"Thanks for saving me,,, Big man, no, that isn't funny." George laughs at himself.

"Oh no it is actually," Dream follows him starting on a story about Tommy, "I have a friend who calls people by the first letter of their names, so it got really weird really quickly when he met me." George lets out another laugh at that.

"It gets even worse when you consider the fact that he's sixteen." Dream wrinkles his face at that, and George just continues laughing at Dream's story. "Dream I didn't know you were into that." George says, in a flirty tone. Dream lets out a wheeze of laughter at that, gasping for air as he starts asking, "wHAT?"

And that's how they passed the first hour, talking to each other while skating around. It was an unspoken understanding that they had to wait for the crowd to thin out before they could even

begin to attempt any more flashy tricks on the ice.

## Chapter End Notes

and that's the end of chapter three!!

i know i said i wasnt gonna be posting so frequently but it seems that i overestimated my schedule today and i had more free time than i thought, so yes here's chapter three :DD

also i think i said there would be more skating in this one, but this actually ended up longer than i expected so you'll have to wait for more skating content later aksjdksadkj again if you have any suggestions or comments you can yell at me on twitter

@/soarynt or in the comments :DD

## Flexibility of A Clam

### Chapter Summary

"How about this?" He nudges his down-trodden friend, "I try figure skating and you can try a bit of one man hockey, so we can finally settle which is better?"

George's face lifts a little and he scrunches up his face in confusion, "How would that settle our debate?"

"Well obviously if you find hockey easy, that means figure skating must be more challenging and therefore better than hockey and if not the opposite must be true for me, right?"

George cracks a smile at that, "Yeah, sure ok."

### Chapter Notes

Child: Tommy

Tubbo: Tubbo

Dirt Boy: Wilbur Soot

Furboy: Fundy

Sappy Nappy: Sapnap

The Blade: Techno

ImBiAndTired: Eret

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The latter half of the first hour was spent arguing whether hockey or figure skating was better. Dream being the hockey jock that he was said that hockey was obviously superior, George argued that hockey was filled with brutes who don't know how to hold back. Dream couldn't really argue against that because he himself knows the brute force that is a hockey team's excitement. So instead he brings up a fact that George had told him the day prior, "Falling is part of figure skating."

George had somehow anticipated this arguing back, "Dream, to avoid falling all you have to do is get good. No matter what you do you cannot change the behavior of your teammates. The only way you can avoid being roughhoused is to have shier teammates which wouldn't necessarily be a good team dynamic now would it?"

Not knowing what to argue to that, Dream decided to change the topic, "Oh, is that what you are then? Good at figure skating?" He says raising a brow. From what little he knew about the man before him, he's pretty sure that George wasn't good at handling compliments or being flirted with. His face got all flushed and he started to squirm a bit, each time Dream threw a flirty remark his way. He expected to get the same cute reaction he had gotten all the times he had teased George prior to this, he instead got genuine discomfort. Dream had no idea that George was insecure about his skating skills, he had to keep that in mind next time they spoke, as to not discomfort the angel further. Angel?

Instead of lingering and prodding at the topic, Dream decided to issue a challenge mainly to

distract George from the oopsie he just made

"How about this?" He nudges his down-trodden friend, "I try figure skating and you can try a bit of one man hockey, so we can finally settle which is better?"

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"Well obviously if you find hockey easy, that means figure skating must be more challenging and therefore better than hockey and if not the opposite must be true for me, right?"

George cracks a smile at that, "Yeah, sure ok."

And that's how their next hour goes, Dream teaching George how to handle a hockey stick and George trying to coax Dream into stretching his legs out further than they can go.

Dream decides to go first, since figure skating didn't require any extra equipment, well technically it did since he was wearing hockey skates and not figure skates but George wouldn't be cruel enough to subject him to jumps right away, because those were the toughest part right?

The first thing George tells him to do is stand next to the wall. The Brit then orders him to hold onto the wall while trying to stretch his leg behind him to test his balance on one leg.

"If that's your first challenge for me, George, this is gonna be eezee." He grabs onto the wall and sticks his leg out behind him. George skates over to him to raise his leg a bit higher.

"Dream you have the flexibility of a clam, raise your leg higher." George says with a light tone. Dream turns his head towards him and guffaws. George just raises his leg even further, "Ow! My leg doesn't go that far!" Dream yells, he swears the sound George let out was an evil cackle and not a playful laugh.

"That's pretty good, now raise your head and chest a bit so that you don't fall flat on your face. You might wanna stick out your arm for more balance too." George instructs. Dream tries to do what he's been told but he's pretty sure backs don't bend like that so he tells George as much and George just laughs and tells him to step back. George elegantly lifts his right foot and arches his back, he does the pose he was trying to get Dream to do. He forms a perfect Y-shape with his body and Dream just raises his eyebrows as George looks over to where he's still standing by the wall. He smiles a small smile and drops his leg as elegantly as he had lifted it. "Like that it's easy I promise. Well, it's easier than the candle spin at least and they make seven-year-olds do that!"

"Candle spin?" Dream questions. George just sighs, still smiling, "You're stalling aren't you?"

Dream vehemently shakes his head no, "No I just genuinely want to see the best figure skater I've ever seen perform a move that I've never heard of before." He then bats his eyelashes at George and pitches up his voice, "Please, Georgie." He pouts his lips for extra effect.

George sighs again, and looks around to the other patrons left on the ice, all that was left was a mother with her small son and a small group of middle schoolers. He then gently taps Dream's face with his surprisingly warm hand and says, "Fine, stand back." Dream beams at him and maybe Dream is imagining it, but George's face softens a little at that smile.

The Brit moves a little towards the middle of the rink, being wary of the other patrons as he starts skating backwards, gaining momentum. He then pushes off with his right leg and starts spinning on his left, spinning counterclockwise on the ice. He spins for a bit with his free leg parallel to the ice, before he reaches one of his hands out towards the blade of his skate. Once he's able to grab a hold of it he holds onto it with his hands. His curved leg and arms forming a circle and giving the illusion of a sphere. Dream was already impressed with that display and thought George would drop his foot and skate right back, but instead the Brit slid his hands off of the blade and towards his calf, shooting his leg straight up forming a straight line with his legs. Dream is awed once more with the skater's abilities and is still gawking at him by the time he had skated back to where

Dream was.

"Your turn," is all he says and Dream just nods dumbly, because what else can you say to that? Dream once more lifts up one of his legs and arches his back trying to copy what George had done. "Yes exactly like that, you're doing it! Ok now, slowly, let go of the beam, slowly ok?" Feeling cocky under George's praise, Dream begins to say, "Georgie, I'm not gonna fall, I'm an athlete my balance is grea-" and yup he's on the ground.

George is doubled over, laughing at Dream's misfortune. Dream pouts at him and that only causes George to laugh even harder, so instead Dream glares at the Brit but it's lost on him since he had his eyes closed from how hard he was laughing. Dream was half-tempted to just pull him to the ground so that he could suffer on the cold ice with him, the other half was tempted to keep staring at George's laughing face. He wasn't a creep so he gave into the first half.

George doesn't fall as hard as Dream had, Dream doesn't even know if he could call that falling. If Dream had to describe the movement he would even call it somewhat graceful, but maybe he's just biased because George is still laughing so beautifully, and what more can he do but join in with his own soft giggles, after all Dream is only human, no matter what his teammates may say. By the time George's laughs have died down and he's wiping his eyes from the actual tears he had shed, Dream's bottom was most definitely soggy and he didn't particularly like it. Still salty from being laughed at for a solid ten minutes, Dream suggests trying hockey.

George says he needs a piss break from all that laughing and Dream grumpily says he needs to get his stick and some pucks. George lightly punches his cheek, leaving his knuckles to squish into Dream's cheek and tells him to stop being a sore loser. Dream bats his hand away mumbling something about having the flexibility of a clam. George lets out another giggle and says he really needs to pee, so he hurries off the ice in the direction of the nearest bathroom. Dream takes the opportunity to look at his phone and take a look at the mess Sapnap made in the groupchat.

## Dream Team

8:31 AM

### Sappy Nappy

*dreamie pie's got a cruuuuuush*

### Dirt Boy

*who is it sapnap? should we kill em?*

### Child

*can i bring my vlog gun?*

### Sappy Nappy

*@Dirt Boy idk it was sum british boy he met at the rink yesterday*

### Dirt Boy

*@Cpn Drem im british why dont u like me :(*

### Furboy

*@Cpn Drem if you like european guys you could always watch treasure planet with me ;)*

### Child

*ew fundy he wont date a furry*

**Furboy**

*why are you even here tommy?*

**Sappy Nappy**

*u don't evn go to college yet ur literally like sixteen*

**Child**

*big man wilbur is cool that is why i am here >:)*

**Furboy**

*where's tubbo?*

*I like him better*

**Tubbo**

*Hi Fundy :DD*

**Furboy**

*hello tubbo :)*

**Child**

*:(  
:(*

**Tubbo**

*its ok tommy you're still my favourite :DD*

**Child**

*ew*

**The Blade**

*i hear yelling i am assuming he's being hugged*

*and there's dad*

*all is silent, he has been threatened*

**ImBiAndTired**

*techno when are you and coach coming?*

**The Blade**

*dad says we'll be there in ten*

*also that he's bringing the other two*

*and that tommy has goalie*

**Child**

*wHAT*

*i shouldve just gone with wilbur*

**Dirt Boy**

*im with niki rn*

**Child**

*i LIKE niki*

**Dirt Boy**

*Thanks, Tommy :)*

~~~~~ that was niki

**Tubbo**

*But you said that whenever Niki and Wilbur are together you feel ignored and like you're thirdwheeling?*

**Child**

*tUBBO I TOLD U THAT IN CONFIDENCE*

**Tubbo**

*Sorry D:*

**Dirt Boy**

*niki says that if u threaten tubbo she'll stop giving u those gummy fruit snacks that u like also we arent dating*

**Child**

*i LIKE niki*

*i take back my statement*

**The Blade**

*also we arent dating*

*lmao*

**Dirt Boy**

*,,,aren't u driving?*

**The Blade**

*technoplane :)*

Dream never thought he'd say this but thank god Tommy was so chaotic. He had been the primary reason they were thrown off topic, as he always is, but this time it actually came in handy. He could explain the whole "Pretty Brit" situation when he actually knows what the fuck was happening with himself. He sees George skate over to where he had set up the plastic goal post he had found stored in with his equipment. He makes a mental note to clean out his bag later.

"Hey, you took a while peeing?" Dream questions as he busies himself with weighing down the goal post with some extra pucks so that it didn't slide everywhere later.

"Oh yeah, I ran into one of my skating friends. I think she's with her boyfriend." George says leaning against the wall waiting for Dream to finish.

Dream lets out a mock gasp and looks up towards George, "You have friends?"

George smiles slightly and shoves him, making him slowly glide towards the wall, "George, if you keep shoving me like that, I might start to think you have a crush on me."

George's only response to that was to look away and shove him again, Dream considers that a win.

He finally stands up and hands George the stick, "Ok show me what you got."

George splutters, pushing the stick back into Dream's hands. "Wha- Teach me first!?"

"Yeah, yeah I will," Dream rolls his eyes and starts positioning himself in front of the goal, "For

context there are, like, five basic shots in hockey, two of which I won't teach you because one is a combination of the two I am gonna be teaching you and the other is a backhand, which I personally don't like and only use when I have to. The most basic shot that no one ever uses is the shovel or flip," He demonstrates by shoveling his stick forward, pushing one of the pucks forward into the goal. "Next is the one I'll try teaching you, the wrist shot," Dream rolls his wrist and thrusts the next puck forward, using his bottom hand. "The last one, and you might wanna cover your ears for this one, is the—" Dream moves the last puck a bit farther out, then twists his body, so his feet are in line with the goal, while he pivots his torso away from the goal. He lines his stick up with the puck and- a loud sound rings out through the rink and he knows that his shot. "-slapshot." He beams up at George and motions for him to take the stick.

George just stares up at him with wide eyes, "You expect me? To do that?" He asks incredulously. Dream blinks at him once, a bright grin stretches across his face, "It's easy, trust me," he says, stretching his hand out for George to take. The Brit eyes him wearily but takes his hand anyway. "Drea—" George, begins to say, before Dream pulls him into a backwards hug, hooking his chin on George's shoulder. He takes both of George's hands in his and positions them properly on the stick. "See there, easy!" He says. George turns his head towards Dream's and Dream can feel time stop. George is looking at him shyly, all he had to do was lean his head in a few more inches and- nope. Dream turns his head away and backs off from George, opting instead to rest his hand on George's shoulder. George seems to snap out of his stupor, he clears his throat and asks about the wrist shot.

#### Chapter End Notes

ok this one is definitely longer than the other ones askdjskjdk  
i was planning on putting the chase in here but i feel like this chapter would just be too long if i decided to add in that part  
but yes the sleepy bois, tubbo, fundy, eret and niki have been introduced!!  
they'll be making more appearances later since they are a part of dream's ice hockey team, (along with some other familiar faces)  
as for niki well if you caught the little clue in there you'll know that niki is gonna be a figure skater!  
so the characters will either be a figure skaters or a hockey players, or in the cases of tubbo and tommy, a bit of both. (i'll touch on this later)  
for now though i'll do the chase next chapter and then we'll dive into george's backstory? maybe that's a big maybe, though aksdjskd

## That's Cheating!

### Chapter Summary

"Number twelve closes in towards the goal," Dream makes a move to catch him, and he twists his whole body, so that Dream isn't able to get a hold of him. "The six-foot three giant makes a move to stop him but he's just too good, zooming past the other players." He says doing a few leaps around other pucks that have managed to get in front of him. He finally gets to the goal post and positions his feet the way Dream taught him, "and he goes in for the shoot," he does the slapshot he was having trouble with just earlier, and- "He scores!!!"

He throws his fist up in the air and starts hooting like a madman.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It only takes George fifteen minutes to get used to holding the stick, in those fifteen minutes, he's gotten the hang of shooting and maneuvering the puck too, and Dream has to admit he's doing way better than Dream expected him to. George is already skating circles around Dream, narrating his every move all the while.

"Number twelve closes in towards the goal," Dream makes a move to catch him, and he twists his whole body, so that Dream isn't able to get a hold of him. "The six-foot three giant makes a move to stop him but he's just too good, zooming past the other players." He says doing a few leaps around other pucks that have managed to get in front of him. He finally gets to the goal post and positions his feet the way Dream taught him, "and he goes in for the shoot," he does the slapshot he was having trouble with just earlier, and- "He scores!!!"

He throws his fist up in the air and starts hooting like a madman.

Dream can't help but wheeze at the whole affair, but then George looks over at him a proud look on his face coupled with a bright smile, and he has to force down the bubbly feeling rising in his chest. When George looks him in the eye and starts skating towards him with that bright sunny smile on his face, a fond smile stumbles its way onto Dream's face anyway.

(It's like being drunk, he realizes, except without the dizziness and headaches, so he just feels light, like he was flying. He realizes it's the same feeling he gets when he finally scores that last shot at the end of a long tiring game, before all his friends crash into him to celebrate, the moment stops, he holds his breath, and suddenly he's floating mid-air.)

"What?" Dream asks ruffling George's hair, mostly to cover the shorter's line of sight and partly because he wasn't sure how else to show the Brit he was proud of him, without being indecent. (Was wanting to hug the pretty skater in front of him indecent? He guesses if he intends to sniff at the other man's neck it could be.)

"I did it!" George says, excitedly looking up at him. He looks a bit like a kid in a candy store, what with Dream's hand still in his hair and the way he's peering up at him. Dream thinks he looks... Cute? Almost like a kitten who has managed to catch the toy their parent was dangling in front of them.

He can't help the pride that bubbles up in his stomach. "You sure did." Dream blinks away all the thoughts about how easy it would be to lean down and kiss George, holding him in place with the hand on his head, and instead looks down at the hockey stick, he's just had a brilliant idea.

It must show on his face because George eyes him wearily and grasps the arm on top of his head and shucks it off.

(Dream's eyes zero in on how he had to use two hands to get Dream's giant paw off his head. He definitely does NOT think about how big their height difference is and how small George was and how easy it would be to- NOPE NOT THINKING ABOUT THIS.)

"You have a creepy look on your face what are you planning?" George says still holding onto Dream's forearm. (Oh, fuck is George a mind reader? If he was Dream wouldn't be surprised, just another thing on the list that made George so awesome, but fuck, if he could hear what Dream was thinking and hadn't mentioned it, does that mean he feels the same?)

Dream doesn't say anything, he just steals the hockey stick from George's hands and starts skating as fast as he can. "First to ten goals wins," He yells out to George. "What?! Unfair, you're literally on the varsity team, and I don't even have a stick!" George yells out from behind him. "We'll take turns." Dream says, already scoring his first goal.

George zips past him, stealing the stick, already skating over to the opposite side of the rink.

"Wrong side, Georgie." Dream yells out, hot on George's tracks.

George looks behind him, sees Dream right on his tail, and lets out a shriek, "Dream! Leave me alone!" This causes Dream to start wheezing out laughter, enough to slow him down but not stop him completely. George takes this as a chance, to do what looks to be the same jump he did the day prior, shooting across the ice in the same way he did when Dream first saw him. He uses the momentum he built during that quick chase to jump up using the toe pick on one of his shoes. He quickly changes the way he's holding the way he's holding the hockey stick so that it was in line with his body. He's able to gain a significant lead on Dream and is able to shoot two goals before Dream was even close to where he was.

"What?! Who's unfair now, George?"

"The rules were stacked against me, I had to find a way to win." He says shooting another goal.

"Oh, you're on, Georgie."

They had been doing this for approximately thirty minutes and Dream's calves were beginning to hurt, but his pride was on the line and his stubbornness refused to give in. They were tied at 9-9 and George currently had the stick. He led Dream to the middle of the rink, and Dream decides to taunt him, "Oh George you really think, I'm gonna fall for the same trick twice?" Already skating towards the goal instead of following George.

"Yes," is all George says before jumping across the ice landing the wrong way and falling. "George!" Dream yells immediately skating over to where his friend fell. "Are you ok?!"

"Yeah, I'm fine," George says, trying to stand up using the hockey stick as a crutch. Dream puts an arm under one of his armpits and begins essentially carrying him over to the wall.

George squirms out of Dream's grasp, "George just let me help you!" Dream yells, adjusting his grip on George so Dream's still holding the majority of his weight.

"Yeah, yeah ok, Dream just let me-" George begins to say, once more squirming out of Dream's arms, Dream hovers his arms out around him in case the shorter falls, again. George hops onto good foot and moves the stick back to put less pressure on the foot he landed on, he then takes out a puck out of nowhere and throws it into the goal.

"I win." He says, smiling wide. Dream just gapes at him opening and closing his mouth over and over again, before just crouching down and pressing his hands into his eyes.

"I was genuinely worried about you, prick!" Dream yells out, glaring at George. Said man starts laughing and Dream won't admit to it but he immediately forgave the Brit after hearing him laugh.

"I did actually fall, though." George says, "I thought I was gonna make that jump, but then I fell and you started scrambling over to me and I thought, 'Might as well.'" He reaches out his hand to Dream, who takes it muttering, "Watch, next time you fall I won't bat an eye and just stare at you until you beg me to help you."

"Oh, Dream~" George says in a flirty voice, blinking his eyes up at the taller man and maybe it's the shock or maybe the relief, maybe a mix of both, but Dream starts laughing so hard. George joins in with little giggles and everything else didn't matter because George was giggling next to him, as unharmed as a skater could be, and that was a win in Dream's book.

#### Chapter End Notes

:00000 chapter five :000000

i was gonna update sooner but we had a power outage due to the storm so i wasnt able to ;-;

but here it is finally!!!

chapter six is also on its way since i had nothing to do all day but write so yes expect that in about an hour aksjdksjd

also this one's about ~1.3k words long because i cut out some parts and added them onto chap six instead so stay tuned!!!

# Minx!

## Chapter Summary

Dream looks behind him and sees a purple-haired employee smiling sweetly at George.

“Who’s that?” Dream asks, in a light tone that was obviously not jealousy.

“Oh, that’s Minx. She started working here around the same time I moved to the area.” He says glancing back at the rental booth, as they exited the doors. “She used to flirt with me every single day I came in, before I told her I was gay. Her only response was to pout at me and complain about how all the pretty ones were gay.” He giggles at the memory.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After that whole heart attack, all Dream wants to do is get off the ice and eat, George obliges pointing out how it’s almost time for Dream’s practice anyway. Dream checks the time and scrunches up his face. He only had another hour left for lunch, but he wasn’t ready to part ways with George just yet, so he invites him to go grab a bite. His intentions are completely platonic, and definitely not so that he can keep pretending this was a date.

George hums, crossing his legs and pretending to contemplate the offer. “Only if you take me to the fanciest of restaurants.”

“Will a date at the local Pizza Hut, suffice my good sir?” Dream says, looking up from where he’s still unlacing his skates and playing along.

George lets out a giggle, then straightens his face to play his part. “I suppose it must.”

They erupt into a fit of giggles on the bleachers, earning a few stares from the incoming wave of new people, but they were laughing too hard to notice.

While Dream is rambling something about Techno and his obsession with potatoes on their way out, George waves at someone behind Dream, giving them a small smile. He then proceeds to roll his eyes and shake his head fondly.

Dream looks behind him and sees a purple-haired employee smiling sweetly at George.

“Who’s that?” Dream asks, in a light tone that was obviously not jealousy.

“Oh, that’s just Minx. She started working here around the same time I moved to the area.” He says glancing back at the rental booth, as they exited the doors. “She used to flirt with me every single day I came in, before I told her I was gay. Her only response was to pout at me and complain about how all the pretty ones were gay.” He giggles at the memory.

(Did Dream just hear him right? George said he was gay? Holy shit, this wasn’t a guarantee that George liked him back but at least there was a chance right? Where there’s a will, there’s a way? No that makes it sound like he would force George into doing something he didn’t want to do. He is desperate not a rapist, there is a difference. Ok, no don’t think that, that isn’t funny go back to simping pissboy. Yes, back to what lovely was saying. Lovely? They’re on nickname basis, right?)

“She then said that if she couldn’t have me as a boyfriend she’d settle for having me as a friend, and basically shoved her number in my face.”

“She seems nice,” Dream laughs a bit. (And if the laughter sounds a bit stilted because of his internal gay panic then neither of them mention it.)

“Yeah she is.” George nods. (He notices how expressive George’s body language is. It makes Dream want to sit with him forever, just trading stories. George could literally discuss quantum physics to him and Dream would still be enthralled. He just likes staring at George... In a friend way.)

“She usually lets me stay after hours whenever she’s on night shift.” George pauses, shifting his weight, as they wait at a stoplight.

“That’s how we got really close actually, late night practice sessions.” He smiles, as the spotlight turns green and they begin to walk again.

“She used to always get in trouble, because of those practice sessions though, we eventually got the manager to come around when I-” He stops mid-sentence, stopping on the sidewalk as well. Dream looks over to George curiously, “What’s wrong?”

Dream’s voice seems to snap George out of it, as he physically shakes his head, “Uh, it’s nothing, just remembered something, uh where was I?”

“You were talking about how you got the manager to come around?” Dream supplies, eyeing George carefully, making sure he was ok.

George clears his throat, shivering. “Uhm, yeah Minx got them to warm up to her eventually, so much that I think they might just hand over the paperwork for the franchise to her.”

Dream doesn’t mention how George switched his wording around to make it sound like he was less involved. George didn’t want to tell him so who was he to force his friend? Instead he focuses on George’s shivering.

“Are you cold? I have an extra hoodie in here.” He says, already stopping to dig out his favourite green hoodie out of his bag.

“Oh, uhm, you don’t have to-” George starts to say, stopping a step in front of Dream.

Dream interrupts already pulling out the jacket. “George just take the jacket, you’re shaking like a leaf. Here let me hold your skates for you.”

“Dream, my feet stink like blue cheese.” George says, stretching out his arm and holding out the skates. “Besides how am I gonna give you your hoodie back? I don’t know where you live?” He continues, as Dream finally gets his hands on the skates.

“You have my number,” Dream winks and George sputters before finally sighing out, “Fine.” He lets go of his skates and starts shrugging on the hoodie.

(Dream can’t help but think about how it’s some sort of symbolism, George taking his hoodie and letting go off his skates, but then again what symbolism would it be for? It wasn’t like they were dating just yet. Yet? DREAM STOP. Big hoodie go brrr on George... He’s drowning in it, but it doesn’t matter. It really doesn’t. Hey look! George’s face seems quite a bit pinker! Huh, he must be really cold.)

When George finally gets the hoodie on, and reaches back for his skates, Dream just pulls them higher, out of his grasp.

“Dream,” George whines, (He won’t admit to it but Dream was there, he definitely whined.) jumping up to try and reach his skates, Dream only pulls them higher, laughing at the smaller one. “Give back my skates!”

“Nah, I’ll just carry them, you might drop them on the street or something, with all your shivering.” (Yes, Dream only wants to help the Brit. He is simply being a kind and gracious friend. This is not simping.)

George pouts and glares at him but crosses his arms and starts walking. Dream just stops for a second to adjust his grip on things and stuff his own skates in his bag, while he’s doing that George has gotten a few paces ahead. He seems to notice Dream is no longer at his side as he stops to look at Dream incredulously, as if to say come on, then!

Really it’s not Dream’s fault a big happy grin stretches across his face.

They eventually fall into a comfortable silence while walking to the Pizza Hut near the campus rink. Dream knows there might be a chance that the team might be there and he would have to introduce them all to George, but it seemed like Coach was pissed during morning practice and pushed them, so he takes his chances and hopes that team are all tuckered out.

George gets to the door first, already strating to open it, before Dream bolts forward, holding the door open for the other. George does a double take then stares at Dream’s sheepish face.

“What was that?” George asks, creasing his brow. Dream will not admit that he just wanted to hold the door open for George so that he could keep pretending for just a little longer, because that was simply not true, so he makes a joke out of it because coping mechanism. :D

“I was told to always respect my elders,” He smiles at George.

George glares at him, well, glare in the way Dream managed to interpret George’s glares, they weren’t really glares, they didn’t hold any heat. It was more like he was looking at you with a pout but instead of a sad pout it was a mad pout. He doesn’t understand it either, all he knows is that it’s cute and he’s gonna keep doing mildly annoying things to make George do that with his face.

Despite it being lunch, the place wasn’t as packed as it usually was, there were a few students lounging about but not enough that the place was so full they couldn’t get a seat anywhere. Dream pretty much goes on auto-pilot while they’re ordering. He was so busy thinking about how to make George do that cute little annoyed face again, (This is very important, the things he does have to be on the right side of annoying, not too much to make him mad but enough to make him slightly inconvenienced without actually inconveniencing him in the slightest.) that he accidentally orders way too much pizza for two people. The cashier doesn’t mind and just asks them to standby as she calls someone over to void their order.

It seems that George isn’t paying that much attention either because he seems to be hanging onto Dream’s arm very tightly. Dream doesn’t know why but he’ll let the skater do whatever he wants to him. (No, why’d he phrase it like that? I mean he wouldn’t stop him in that sense either but it doesn’t matter what sense he was thinking about because they aren’t dating.)

Speaking of the small Brit, Dream hasn’t looked at him in a while, so he looks down to where the man was standing, he sees George glaring, like actual proper glaring, at a table in the dining area.

He even had a scowl and everything. Dream tries to nudge him out of his glaring contest but George's eyes are glued onto whatever he was glaring at. George tugs on his sleeve and cups his hand to his mouth, Dream decides to humour his little charade and leans down. "I think someone's looking at us," he whispers. Dream raises his head from where he had bent it and finally looks in the general direction, George was glaring at, and sees a familiar face staring back.

Ah, Dream finally had a solution to his annoying George problem.

"That's Sapnap," Dream leans down to the general direction of George's ear, unable to actually lean all the way down to where his ear actually was. (Yes, he's making fun of George's height, it's cute fuck off, judgemental Dream, in his head.)

That makes George his head around and stare at Dream with wide eyes, "Wait, really?" He says still in a hushed tone.

Dream takes his upper lip into his teeth to stop himself from laughing, George looks back at Sapnap, and murmurs, "I thought Sapnap would be more attractive, he kinda looks like a dog."

Dream immediately starts wheezing upon hearing one of his best friends being compared to a dog, he was laughing so hard he doubled over and started slapping his knee. George lightly slaps his arm to get him to calm down.

"Dream, stop it. I'm being serious. I thought your best friend would be hot." Dream starts wheezing even harder at that, to the point where there are tears in his eyes.

"George, George," he wheezes out, "I can't- pl- stop."

He can't see George's reaction, but he can feel the Brit let go of his arm and hear him stomp his foot a bit. He assumes George has crossed his arms and is now pouting, Dream still considers it a plus, because George still stays by him the entire time.

The cashier comes back and Dream manages to calm himself enough to pay. It was a bit tricky trying to get his wallet out of his pocket with all the things he was carrying, George didn't offer to help with the stuff, probably still salty from all the laughing and the skates, murmuring something about how "You insisted, you suffer." He does, however try to pay, and Dream just silently pleads with his eyes, hoping the cashier wouldn't take his card. The cashier seems to have sensed his desperation, that or Dream's just really lucky, because she says that their chip reader was broken. George looks to him, a quirk in his brow, silently asking if he carries cash.

"Yeah, I have cash," and George sighs in defeat and starts palming Dream's butt. "What!" Dream yelps out in surprise, "are you doing?" His hands were still trying to juggle the stuff he was carrying.

George pauses to look up at him, and quirks his brow. "Looking for your wallet. What does it look like, idiot?" He deadpans.

Dream flushes, "Back left pocket," is all he says, as he contemplates whether to thank or curse the gods for that one.

George reaches into his pocket and finally pulls out Dream's wallet, he pulls out the amount needed and hands it over to the cashier. She just smiles a tight smile and hands them their order number.

George slips Dream's wallet back into it's rightful pocket, and they start walking over to Sapnap's table.

Dream was debating whether or not to start a conversation, when George interupts his internal debate.

"Who was that blonde girl in your wallet?" He asks, hesitantly, like he was afraid of asking the question? Dream just furrows his brows at the Brit.

"You know she has her hair down, and she looks kinda young." George says gesturing towards his shoulders, hands mimicking the flow of longer hair. It finally clicks, who's picture he's describing.

He smiles warmly, "Ah, my sister?"

George seems to perk up upon hearing the news, "Your sister?"

"Yeah," Dream says nodding. "She's still in highschool."

George hums, scrunching up his face, "You don't look alike."

Dream chuckles at that, "Yeah we get that a lot, she takes more after dad."

"What's her name?"

"We call her Drista."

"Drista?" George repeats looking all too confused. Dream can't help but let out a little laugh from the joy bubbling up in his chest, he doesn't know if it's because he misses his sister or if it's because

George looks entirely too adorable confused, but it doesn't matter he's happy and wants to ramble.  
"Yeah, Tommy made up the nickname."

George rolls his eyes, "Of course, he did."

## Chapter End Notes

AHHHHH im SO sorry this took so long, i fell asleep editing it and then school got in the way and bleh  
life just did not want me to post this chapter askjdksja  
but all that matters is it's here now :DD  
and that its the longest chapter, so far, so hopefully that makes up for the lateness  
also as another small apology gift i'll give you guys an extras sheet!!  
its just a docs file where you guys can see some [extras](#)  
if you're worried about spoilers, there are very slight ones on there, but nothing i  
haven't aluded to  
it has some of my comments on why i scraped certain things or how i came up with  
certain ideas  
btw if you guys want to know even more about the fic feel free to dm me on twitter  
(@/soarynt) or just comment here! i reply to the comments when i have the time!!



## Warm

### Chapter Summary

George has learned that Dream is a very tactile person, very touchy. He doesn't mind, he can do touchy, he's just getting a bit overwhelmed. Dream smells really good. He still smells like apples, even after skating for almost two hours straight. George is tired and just wants to cuddle up to something warm after skating so much. He just wanted to lean his head into Dream and keep his nose buried in that fresh green apple scent forever, the hoodie he had on wasn't necessarily helping, what with it being drenched in the scent. He must've started leaning onto Dream, because Dream gently takes his head and leans it against his shoulder.

### Chapter Notes

wait stop right there!!

President: Callahan

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When they finally get to the table Sapnap is sitting at, he's smiling down at his phone. Dream unceremoniously dumps all of his stuff next to Sapnap's, before carefully piling on George's skates on top. Dream and Sapnap start having a conversation that George just completely tunes out. He's too tired and has no idea what to do. He starts fidgeting his hands together. Does he just sit down? Wouldn't Sapnap find it annoying if he just waltzed in here with his best friend and just stole a sea-

A loud screeching from beside him interrupts his internal conflict. He sees Dream with his right hand on the back of the chair, using his left to gesture for him to sit down. Dream is smiling all too kindly and his green eyes look so comforting, that the worry drains out of his gut and is instead replaced with butterflies, he smiles what he hopes is a grateful smile back at him and sits down. Dream plops down on his left directly across from Sapnap, he rests his right arm around the back of George's chair, and continues his conversation with Sapnap.

George has learned that Dream is a very tactile person, very touchy. He doesn't mind, he can do touchy, he's just getting a bit overwhelmed. Dream smells really good. He still smells like apples, even after skating for almost two hours straight. George is tired and just wants to cuddle up to something warm after skating so much. He just wanted to lean his head into Dream and keep his nose buried in that fresh green apple scent forever, the hoodie he had on wasn't necessarily helping, what with it being drenched in the scent. He must've started leaning onto Dream, because Dream gently takes his head and leans it against his shoulder.

“Sleepy?” He can hear Dream ask, it sounds a bit muffled and mumbly, but he still understands it. All he can do is nod his head a bit, as he feels his consciousness start to slip. He feels Dream shift, helping George get more comfy. Dream had ended up shifting almost all the way into George's seat, with George curled around him. He had his head on Dream's chest, with his hands resting by his face, hands balled up into fists on Dream's chest. Dream's arm was wrapped around his back,

and he was slowly rubbing his thumb back and forth. He wasn't sure if Dream was aware he was doing it or not, but George didn't want the soothing gesture to stop. He hears more rumbles coming from his pillow, he doesn't entirely understand what they're saying this time but he smiles anyway. He felt safe, and just like that it didn't matter that he was cuddling up to a man he just met, in a Pizza Hut, he was drifting off to sleep.

George was asleep, on him, in his hoodie, and Sapnap was taking a bunch of pics and most likely sending them to the group chat. After what feels like the seven hundredth clicking noise from Sapnap's camera, Dream finally shoots him an annoyed look and tells him to back off. Dream had been staying silent, mainly because he didn't want to wake the Brit on him. It was like being slept on by a cat, he has been chosen so he must remain still until the cat deems him no longer worthy. Dream sighs, the pizza wasn't here yet and he was hungry, the only thing he had to distract himself was his phone. The best course of action was obviously to watch the group chat devolve into chaos.

### **Dream Team**

12:38 PM

#### **Sappy Nappy**

*lmao look at these nerds*

*\*Sappy Nappy has sent a photo\**

*(It's George cuddling up to Dream. Dream's protectively hugging George, doing his best to hide George's face while flipping the bird at the camera.)*

#### **Dirt Boy**

*oh*

#### **President**

*Oh my, Dream*

#### **Furboy**

*@Cpn Dream babe you're cheating on me?!?? >:(*

#### **The Blade**

*lmao i know who that is*

#### **Dirt Boy**

*me too u aint special*

**Cpn Dream**

????

you cant evn see his face???

#### **Dirt Boy**

*niki's friends with him*

**Cpn Dream**

@The Blade ???

#### **The Blade**

*technoblade :)*

**Cpn Dream**  
???? does everybody just know him???

**Furboy**

*yes*

**President**

*Yes*

**Dirt Boy**

*yes*

**Child**

*yws*

*yes*

**Dirt Boy**

*lmao*

**Cpn Dream**  
????  
tommy???

12:43 PM

**Child**

*niki*

**Dirt Boy**

*^^^ vouch ^^^*

**The Blade**

*lmao id love to see drem's face rn*

**Dirt Boy**

*@Sappy Nappy ^^^^^*

**Furboy**

*^^^^^*

**ImBiAndTired**

*^^^^^*

**Cpn Dream**  
eRET  
ur supposed to be the nice one :(

**ImBiAndTired**

*Lmao*

*No <3*

**Tubbo**

*If it makes u feel better, I dont know who he is Drem! :D*

**Cpn Dream**  
tnx tubbo :)

**Dirt Boy**

**Tubbo**

*If it makes u feel better, I dont know who he is Drem! :D*

*hes lying dream*

**Child**

*tru*

*tubbo watched with us the vid niki sent on the television*

**Tubbo**

*Oh is he the \*\*\*\*\**

**Child**

*yes*

**Dirt Boy**

*yes*

**Tubbo**

*o.O*

*Im sorry drem I do know him D:*

**Cpn Dream**

*:(|*

*niki sent a vid of him skating?*

*i want to see \*pien face\**

**Sappy Nappy**

**The Blade**

*lmao id love to see drem's face rn*

*\*Sappy Nappy has sent 2 photos\**

*(One is of Dream looking down at his phone, looking very confused. He's still hugging George very close to him. The other is of Dream, highkey lying down on the chair he's in, looking very uncomfortable. George on the other hand looks very comfortable, pretty much using Dream as a body pillow. His nose is buried in Dream's shirt, and he has a small, soft smile on his face.)*

**Sappy Nappy**

### Cpn Dream

*i wanna see \*pien face\* rn*

*lmao didnt u tell me he let u watch him practice last night?  
he just threw a napkin at me :(*

### Cpn Dream

*>:(*

*pizzas here ur all irrelevant again*

Dream can feel his phone ding a few more times but he was currently starving and just wanted to stuff some of the steaming hot pizza into his mouth. He's pretty sure Sapnap's gonna read the important messages out loud anyway, so he tries to use his left hand to grab a pizza slice, but the crust isn't cut all the way through and it's just too hot to touch for long periods of time. He could wake up George or just ask Sapnap to cut him a slice, but if he asks Sap to cut him a slice, he would get even more shit than he was getting now. He looks towards George's sleeping face, and he just couldn't do it. He couldn't muster up the strength to disturb that peaceful face, so he sighs out another sigh of defeat and calls out Sapnap's name.

“Sapnap.” Dream almost whispers, extremely aware of the boy resting his head on his chest.

Sapnap hums, not even looking up from his phone.

“Sapnap.” Dream calls out a little louder.

“What?” Sapnap snaps, finally looking up from his phone. His eyes focus in on the way Dream is hungrily eyeing the pizza. He understands immediately what Dream is asking for but decides to tease his friend anyway.

“What do you want, Dream?” Sapnap asks Dream again. Dream rolls his eyes and uses them to point at the pizza, raising his brows for extra effect.

Sapnap raises a brow, “What, do, you, want, Dream?” Sapnap repeats, promptly taking his own slice of the pepperoni pizza. It looks like something straight out of a commercial, with the cheese stringing off of the slice, the steam billowing out of the entire thing, his stomach rumbles.

“Please, Sapnap. I’m so hungry. I haven’t eaten all day.”

“Well, Dream,” Sapnap pauses, moving the slice over his plate, “that isn’t my problem is it?” He says, taking a huge bite of his pizza.

Dream doesn’t whine, he just makes a long high-pitched noise akin to a whine. Sapnap almost chokes on his pizza. “Sapnap, can I please have a slice of pizza?” Dream asks, wanting to cut Sapnap’s bit here.

“Well, why can’t you get a slice yourself, Dream?” Sapnap has a huge shit-eating grin as he takes another bite of his pizza. Dream sighs again, he had been doing that a lot, ever since they sat down with Sap. Was letting George have the extra shut-eye really worth all this? (Yes, yes it was. Have

you seen the man asleep? He is just adorable, the way he curls into Dream, the way he mumbles out little incomprehensible nothings and then giggles at himself, it was all very childlike and cute.)

Dream sighs for, what he hopes is the last time, "Sapnap, can you please get me a slice of pizza? George is lying down on my right arm and I cannot get myself a slice." He says in a monotone voice, staring straight at Sapnap.

"Aww, of course, Dream." Sapnap grabs Dream's plate and transfers two cut slices onto it. While he's doing that Dream remembers what George said about Sapnap earlier and chuckles. "What are you laughing about?" Sapnap asks as he cuts the cheese strings. "Hand me my pizza first then I'll tell you."

Sapnap obliges and Dream tells him what George told him when they saw Sapnap staring at them. Sapnap guffaws at him and then stares at the sleeping man, "I didn't think that pretty face could say something like that."

Dream hums in agreement around his bite of pizza, swallowing before he spoke, "You'd be surprised at how vulgar he can be, I taught him some hockey earlier, then chased him around and he was screeching the whole time. It was kinda funny how he yelled my name."

Sapnap scrunches up his face, "I didn't need to know you were into that, dude."

Dream throws another balled up tissue at him, and Sap just laughs, "But seriously, I'm surprised you didn't know who he was before yesterday, he's pretty popular at school and he has the whole O-"

George chose that moment to groan and shift on Dream, interrupting what Sapnap was about to say. He mumbled something that sounded like "I'm hungry," and Dream immediately responds to him, chuckling, forgetting his own hunger for a bit, "The pizza's here if you wanna wake up now." George shifts one more time before taking a deep breath in and stretching. When he's done that, he drops his limbs back on Dream and blinks his eyes open.

The first thing George sees when he wakes up is Dream's face, and he can't lie, it's a pretty sight to wake up to. Dream has a nice strong jaw, high cheekbones and a splattering of freckles along the bridge of his nose. His eyes are what look to be a shade of green, George could barely see the man's eyes behind the curtain of sandy blonde hair earlier, but now that Dream was looking down at him, he could see them quite clearly. He could also see little flecks of gold and blue in them, making it feel like he was staring into a vast endless galaxy that could eat him whole. George doesn't know how long he's staring for, but Dream's pouty lips eventually form into a smile, as he says, "Hi."

George mumbles out a hello at the greek god, and nuzzles into whatever he was laying on, it was nice and firm, but was still somehow, soft. He uses his arms to lift his head off of the comfy surface and sees that he was laying on Dream's chest, he feels his cheeks go red at the realization. He awkwardly pats Dream's chest and then excuses himself to the restroom.

Dream and Sapnap both watch as the Brit makes his way to the restroom. "You sure you want that one, Dream?" Sapnap says, as they watch George bump his head straight into the restroom door. Dream laughs airily, "Yeah, I'm pretty sure."

pspspspsps i feel like i havent updated in forever but its only been two days since my last update aksjdksj

ive been busy doing real life stuff so i didnt have the time that i woudlve liked to have working on this ;-;

but here we are chapter 7, isn't it weird how the whole team knows George??? wow that is strange, also the weird pause tommy did in that texting scene hmmmm??? what is \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*???? any theories???

ok there are your hints for now sjdksd

in other news i got another au idea!!

im a bit hesitant to post it since i can barely keep up on updates with this one, but we'll see if its done by chap 8 i'll link y'all :)))

# Sapnap!

## Chapter Summary

Look, Sapnap has a history of sticking his head in business that wasn't his and getting bit in the ass for it, but when Dream was sitting there in front of him letting the pretty British figure skater he met yesterday sleep on him, how could he resist? So when George leaves to go to the restroom, the only next logical step was to ask Dream about their relationship status, of course.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Look, Sapnap has a history of sticking his head in business that wasn't his and getting bit in the ass for it, but when Dream was sitting there in front of him letting the pretty British figure skater he met yesterday sleep on him, how could he resist? So when George leaves to go to the restroom, the only next logical step was to ask Dream about their relationship status, of course.

“So y'all are dating right?” Dream was not expecting that question, if it wasn't evident enough with the drink he almost spit out and his flaming red cheeks. He coughs out the little bit of water that went down his windpipe, and starts to wrack his brain on how to answer that question. “Ah so I can't add him to the group chat, yet?” Sapnap says, with a wide grin on his face.

Dream just stares at him incredulously, “That's what you get from that? Really? Is that how little you care about me, Sap? I almost died!”

“Stop being dramatic, also you're changing the topic, we're talking about you and Georgie here.” Sapnap says, raising his eyebrows at the taller man, taking a sip of his own drink.

“You know sometimes I regret talking to you that first day of ninth grade.” Dream sighs,

“But you didn't, now go on, what's with you and George.” He says blinking at Dream, unwilling to change the topic.

“I don't know what you want me to say here, Sap. I met him yesterday and I like him, if that wasn't evident enough?” He says a bit aggravated.

That gets Sapnap to stare at him for a good few seconds, “You're not being serious, are you?”

“What else is there to say?” Dream says, running a hand through his hair.

“Hmm, do me a favour and go to the bathroom and don't come out for a solid ten minutes?” is all Sapnap says back.

“Wait, no, Sap, don't threaten him-”

“Dream, shut up and just do it, ok?” Sapnap says smiling, that dumb smile that got Dream to do all the dumb shit he asked, “Fine. Just don't scare him off, please?” Dream pleads, glancing back at George quickly approaching.

Sapnap just nods and waves him off, Dream sighs once more, hoping he gets to see George at the end of this.

Once George sits down, Dream immediately stands up and excuses himself, ignoring the extremely confused look George shoots him. He suppresses the strong urge to just sit back down and explain to George what was happening. It's not that he doesn't trust Sapnap, it's just that he was leaving George to Sapnap and Sapnap ended his last relationship, and the one before that, and the one before that one- Ok Sapnap, has ended each and every single relationship Dream even tried to engage in. Well, maybe that was just Dream's shit taste in people, and not Sapnap's fault. After all, at the end of the day, Sapnap saved him from quite a few toxic relationships, so maybe he should really just leave it to Sapnap. But you see, George. Exactly.

Once Dream is out of earshot, Sapnap begins operation Gream. He just made up that name right now but that doesn't matter, because Dream finally chose a good one, and he's so excited to finally be able to be Dream's official third wheel. Call him a little shit but annoying people is fun.

“So George,” he begins, snapping George out of his staring match with his best friend’s back. “What are your intentions with my Dream?” He questions.

George furrows his brow at Sapnap, “Your Dream?” George repeats.

“Yes, my Dream, I met him first, and he gave me my nickname and I gave him his, so what are your intentions with Dreamie poo.” He says pointing his plastic spoon at George.

“I mean- it’s not- I don’t.” George lets out a sigh.

Sapnap finally drops the act and seriously says, “You want to date him don’t you?”

“Well, yes, but I can’t, I’m not sure if you know about me-” George starts to say.

Sapnap interrupts, “Yeah I know about you, so what’s the problem? Why can’t you?”

“I don’t have the time, Sapnap.” George says, sighing. “I would love to date Dream, it’s just he deserves more, I won’t have the time to treat him properly and you know that I just can’t drop everything

I’ve worked for, for someone I met yesterday.” He pouts, and Sapnap finally understands why Dream fell so hard, but back to protective best friend mode, not really the time to appreciate the pretty boy Dream brought home.

“You know, I’ve been around for all of Dream’s relationships, and I can easily say you’re the best one he’s brought to me.” George lifts his head at that, “Really?”

Sapnap nods, “Yeah, by a large margin, one of his exes tried to kill me.”

“That can’t be true.” George says, and wow is he expressive, he looks so shocked.

“No, no really she pulled a knife on me.” He says, fixing his hair. “I told Dream she was a psycho and she came back to find me later and pulled a knife on me.”

George smiles and laughs, and wow ok he understands why Dream likes him so much.

Sapnap continues with the easy conversation because George was honestly, so fun to speak with. He was interesting and so expressive, and Sapnap just gained another reason to tease Dream. Once Dream introduces this guy to the team, he’s gonna have even less time for Dream. He spots Dream

peeking out of the bathroom, so he nods at him and decides it's time for his final warning.

"Ok so obviously if he ever hurts you just tell me and I'll beat his ass for you." George giggles,  
"Haven't you got this the other way round? Shouldn't you be telling this to Dream?"  
Sapnap grins and winks at him, "Nah I like you better."

Dream walks back to his seat next to George and immediately comments on how they're laughing together, "What's so funny?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" George says at the same time Sapnap says, "Your mom."

Dream pouts at Sapnap, who just shakes his head, "I'm gonna steal him from you, if you don't treat him right." He says pointing a finger at Dream.

"Wha-" George starts giggling again and Dream decides he's gonna let it go despite his confusion because George was beaming like the sun with his best friend, and that sight was just too adorable to him.

Another plus was Sapnap wasn't being annoying towards George just yet and it seemed like George was genuinely having fun.

#### Chapter End Notes

this one is way shorter and that's mainly because im working on another au which is mainly focused around sbi

so that's hopefully done by the next chapter aksdjkas

but back to this chap its mainly just some georgenap content, how do yall like it?

oh also sapnap knows!!!! what does he know??? we don't know

favourite quote so far "Call him a little shit but annoying people was fun." akjdskj i really like that one

ive seen a few people guessing the olympics plotline because yuzu, and theyre really close to what im planning for future events but for george's backstory i dont think so,,,,, but keep guessing its a lot of fun for me to read your guys' comments! it brightens up my day :))

# I miss George

## Chapter Summary

Look, Dream isn't clingy, he really isn't, there really isn't a particular reason he's lying in bed at four am, staring at George's Instagram page. This isn't stalking because there aren't even proper photos of his face to stalk... He just really misses George, it's been two weeks, a whole fourteen days! Since he last saw the Brit, no one can really blame him. Let's be honest here if you met a god in real life you wouldn't want to part from it either right? Right?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Look, Dream isn't clingy, he really isn't, there really isn't a particular reason he's lying in bed at four am, staring at George's Instagram page. This isn't stalking because there aren't even proper photos of his face to stalk... He just really misses George, it's been two weeks, a whole fourteen days! Since he last saw the Brit, no one can really blame him. Let's be honest here if you met a god in real life you wouldn't want to part from it either right? Right? This is normal! FINE! MAybe he was a bit obsessed, just a bit. It's not like they hadn't been talking ever since then, either. Hell he had just texted George a few hours ago, before the Brit had to go to sleep. He had tried to distract himself with coding assignments and Minecraft but he just couldn't focus. He can curse George's normal sleeping schedule all he wants, but it's not like he can change it. Poor boy needs the sleep anyway. He passes out in the most random places at the most random times, like at mid-day in the middle of a Pizza Hut.

It's not like he couldn't call or text George, he definitely could, but George wasn't lying when he said he was busy. Dream's pretty sure he had George's schedule memorized, with the way George only responded at certain times, and the way he always starts with an apology and a reason why he was late to responding. A thing other than George's entire schedule, Dream had picked up on while ~~stalking~~ talking to George the past two weeks, was how much figure skaters had to do. He had always thought it was only pretty skating, but from what he's heard there was ballet, then dance and conditioning, plus all the practice sessions every single day, the semi-weekly private lessons, and of course the occasional show, all on top of the regular school work he ahd to be doing. He could only begin to understand how tried George must've been.

It just hit different when he could see George's face, his expressions, his smiles. Plus he really wanted to apologize, in person, for how abruptly he had left that day in the Pizza Hut. He had just asked for the time, realized he was running late to practice and that both Techno and coach would beat him up for being later than the freshies. He then just immediately grabbed his stuff, carefully avoiding George's skates and began dashing out. While running to the school's rink he immediately began drafting a formal apology to George, about how sorry he was they had to cut today short. Once he sent it, he could just imagine how George would've laughed and showed Sapnap, and that little imaginary scenario boosted him, even just a tad bit. Keyword imagined.

Dream assumed George and Sapnap got on well. Well, well enough, that they were tormenting Dream together. Just before Dream ran out like a madman, George had curled himself back into Dream's side, underneath his arm, all the while staring at Sapnap. Sapnap must've taken this as

some sort of challenge, as he started ripping up little bits from his napkin and balling them up to hit George. George responded by calling out a whiny “Dream~” and Dream being the whipped little shit that he is, started reprimanding Sapnap. Sapnap just pouted and George stuck out his tongue at the other, curling up even further into Dream. Unwilling to back down, Sapnap pulled up a chair to Dream’s other side and curled himself under that arm, staring at George, with one of his eyebrows raised, as if daring him to make the next move.

George responded by pushing one of Sapnap’s hands off of Dream’s chest. Which then resulted in George and Sapnap trying to push each other off of Dream. It was nice being appreciated enough to be fought over, but Dream was getting real tired of them not listening to him telling them to stop. So when George’s hand lands hard on his face as a result of Sapnap’s pushing, he just sighs and stands up to put an end to their dumb bickering.

He moved over to where Sapnap was originally sitting and made Sapap return the seat he had stolen from a different table, so they had to sit right next to each other. He was pretty sure they got along just fine, because by the time he had to rush out they were off talking about some weird burger Sapnap had once tried. As if the universe was listening to his thoughts, he manages to stumble across a photo of them from Sapnap’s Instagram. It was from that day, of Sapnap and George raising their cups to the camera. They were across from each other, making duck faces. The caption read, “dads finally gone, time to go wild 😊” Dream wasn’t going to admit that he was staring at George because it wasn’t weird he JUST missed his friEND. That is all. So when he opens up his messaging app for the fiftieth time today to stare at the texts George had sent then it was nobody’s business, but his own and maybe the government agent’s that was watching him.

### Pretty Skater Boy

4:33 PM

**You have sent a photo.**

**(It’s a photo of Dream, crouching down and holding up a small orange kitten. Dream was smirking a bit with his tongue out, while the kitten looked a bit angry at the camera.)**

**found this kitten that looks like u :p**

*That does NOT look like me >:(*

**You have sent a photo.**

**(This time it’s a blurry photo of the side of Dream’s face. It looks as though the camera had been struck out of his hands.)**

**its definitely u it just scratched at me :(**

*Are you ok??*

*Do I need to call an ambulance?*

**dw i sucked all the toxins out**

*...*

*I’m not even gonna ask*

*:)*

6:54 PM

*Pretty Skater Boy has sent 2 photos.*

*(One was of green noodles covered in basil and herbs, with a light sprinkling of cheese on top. The other was of George, with a fork of pasta, offering it up to the camera.)*

*I made pesto :)*

**o.o ur so cool george u can make pasta for urself wow**

*shut up at least i can make myself food*

**is that an invitation?**

**;)**

*Pretty Skater Boy has sent a photo.*

*(This time it's a photo of George rolling his eyes while munching on a bite of his pasta. Dream, no point in denying it now. He just melts at how cute George looked, in his white shirt.)*

*Go away dre I'm eating*

All their conversations were like that, Dream flirting and George promptly ignoring his advances. It's not like Dream minds, he can take rejection. He scrolls down to their very last conversation of the night and just stares at it.

10:48 PM

*i need to sleep in a bit dre*

**stop calling me dre!!! >:(**

**also good night george :)**

**love u <3**

*you're such an idiot*

*Good night Dream :)*

**:) <3**

**<3**

There wasn't anything special about it. George had sent him plenty of hearts before, but Dream stares at this one, like it meant any different. Dream didn't know how long he'd been staring at the heart, but it must've been hours because next thing he knows the little ellipses sign pops up. He looks up at the time, 4:47 AM, that's not normal. He looks back down at the little speech bubbles and sees the texts right when they arrive.

**Pretty Skater Boy**

4:47 AM

*r43 m*

*drem*

*hkep*

Chapter End Notes

im very sorry for the long wait and the cliff hanger :((  
i just felt so bad for not posting for so long so i decided a cliffhanger would be better,,,  
but dont worry you wont have to wait very long for the next chapter!  
im already working on it so i should have it up by friday or saturday

# I do be dreaming tho

## Chapter Summary

George isn't as panicked as you'd expect someone to be when they find a stranger in their bed, and admittedly that was a bit scary but what could he do? He was groggy and sleepy and Dream was warm, so very warm. It was so enticing to just slip back into sleep, without any questions about how the blonde got in his apartment, much less his bed. He looks up at Dream, and it takes a few minutes before Dream even notices George looking at him, but that's fine, it just gives George more time to ogle, so he's not complaining.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George blinks his eyes open and tries to get a better sense of where he is. He's on his skates, soaring on the ice, he knows that much. *Where are you? Which rink are you in? Focus, fOCUS!!* He can hear music, but it's not his piece, it sounds more like a generic pop song. *Warm-up?* His eyes dart towards the other skaters all in their own costumes around him. *Ok, it's just a warm-up, you're fine. Where are you? What competition is this?*

He whips his head around, looking around at the signs. *Shanghai?* His eyes dart around, unfocused on anything in particular, as he tries to remember when he last competed in Shanghai, before it hits him, *Grand Prix 2014. Fun.*

He scans the crowd once more, unsure of what he's searching for but he's sure he's found it when his eyes focus in on a familiar face. *Dream? Why is he here? Is he watching me? Oh God, the pressure's own now, George.*

He looks back at Dream and flashes him a quick smile, before focusing back on his skating. He's at the edge of the rink, skating forward, *Ok, good now pivot backwards, gain momentum. Spin forwards, brace yourself for a jump, and-*

Before he can even lift off for his jump, he feels a body slam into his, and suddenly everything is happening way too quickly, and he can't control his own body.

He feels himself falling, but can't lift up his limbs fast enough to catch himself. He feels himself falling, but he's in zero control of the situation. He feels himself falling, and so he braces himself for impact. Suddenly he isn't on the ice anymore, he can see his own body falling, he watches as his head slams into the ice. He feels the pain blossom on the side of his head, curls up on himself, sees his body do the same. He's trying to breathe, he's really dizzy, his vision starts to blur.

"George?" He hears a voice that sounds distinctly like Dream's. It sounds floaty and ethereal though, like it was speaking to him from above. *I guess I'm really dead this time, huh?* He hums when he feels a hand brush through his hair. "George," the voice says again, and George is getting a bit annoyed now, it keeps calling his name, he doesn't understand why so he tries to listen to what else the voice could be saying, furrowing his brows in the process.

"You ok?" He feels the warm hand drift down to the side of his face. It pats him two times. The voice doesn't sound all that alarmed but he tries to blink open his eyes anyway. Once he does, he looks around, trying to get a sense of where he was. He sees the little closet he had in his bedroom right in front of him. He darts his eyes over to the right and sees his desk area that housed his PC

set-up.

He saw a black hoodie on the floor that looked way too big to be his. *OK that's a bit of a worry, what's happening?* He finally looked down at what he was lying down on and saw that he was lying down on a chest that had a tight shirt on. George's eyes trailed up to look at who the chest belonged to and he sees Dream propped up against the headboard. He had one hand in George's hair while the other was scrolling through his phone.

George isn't as panicked as you'd expect someone to be when they find a stranger in their bed, and admittedly that was a bit scary but what could he do? He was groggy and sleepy and Dream was warm, so very warm. It was so enticing to just slip back into sleep, without any questions about how the blonde got in his apartment, much less his bed. He looks up at Dream, and it takes a few minutes before Dream even notices George looking at him, but that's fine, it just gives George more time to ogle, so he's not complaining.

When Dream finally does notice though, he smiles down at the brunette, and George is blinded. It's far too early to look at a bright sunny smile like that one, so he scoffs and curls up further into Dream's chest. He feels Dream shift, making it so that his right arm was wrapped around his waist while his left hand clasped into his right, forcing George closer to him. George giggles despite himself, and tries to squirm his way out of Dream's grasp. Dream just squeezes him tighter, causing George to let out a full on laugh. He's still giggling as he protests Dream to stop, lightly pounding on the blonde's chest. He hears his alarm blaring somewhere but he elects to ignore it. He had some terrific eye candy right in front of him, why would he give his alarm any bit of his attention?

George settles back down onto Dream's chest, contentedly staring up at him. Dream doesn't seem to have the same idea as he leans down to George and bumps their foreheads together. "Hi," he says, looking straight into George's eyes. George feels the butterflies start to flutter up a storm again, those eyes would be the death of him, sure he couldn't appreciate their real colour but they still held an odd type of intensity that just captivated him. He flicks his eyes down to Dream's lips, leans in closer and responds with a "Hi," of his own. He feels Dream lean in closer and-

### **BEEP BEEP BEEP**

George groans into his pillow, he curses his stupid brain for not being able to handle anymore of that fantasy. He buries his face deeper into the pillows and lets out a frustrated yell, that dream was going so well why did he interrupt himself. He thumps his head onto the bed a few times just to be sure he's punished himself enough.

He was rolling over to reach his phone on his bedside table when he noticed the same black hoodie he saw in his dream, lying on the floor. Now that he mentions it he can hear some sizzling and a tantalizing smell coming from outside. He's scrambling out of his bed leads to him getting caught on his bedding and falling face flat on the floor, but that's ok it doesn't even hurt, he's on a mission. He pushed open his bedroom door and rushed into the kitchen, seeing Dream cooking breakfast without a shirt on.

"Oh, you're finally awake," Dream says sunnily, like this was normal, like there was nothing weird about Dream cooking in his apartment, like this was normal and domestic. Instead of voicing all of these things rushing through his head, he instead stares at Dream's pecs, because that's a great response good job, George. Noticing George's staring, Dream just pushes him into one of the barstools, "Come on, sit down I even made you some coffee." He pulls out the chair and everything, George is still stuck trying to wrap his mind around the fact that Dream was in his apartment, half-naked, showing off that delicious v-line. *Oh my god, George that was kinda really gay maybe you should stop that train of thought like right now.*

Once Dream had finally sat George down at the kitchen bar, he pulls a plate of a variety of eggs, "I didn't know how you liked them so I just made them all? Here." He places them in front of George, then turns around to grab another plate and a mug of what smells like the good coffee. George takes a glance at Dream's ass, because how could he not? Hello? He looks up to the ceiling and thanks whatever god was listening to him. Then Dream turns back around and George immediately snaps his eyes up to Dream's sunny smile. "Some coffee," He places the mug down, "And some bacon and toast, straight out of the toaster." He then leans onto the bar, arms bracketing his own mug of coffee and just stares at George smugly?

George picks up his fork but then drops it again, trying to think of a subtle way to start this conversation. He clears his throat and decides fuck it just go for it, "What are you doing here?" He says, as he pushes around the eggs Dream had served him. He didn't know whether or not Dream took that offensively, he was staring down at his plate actively avoiding eye contact with Dream.

"Eat then we'll talk," Dream says, walking over to the couch. George couldn't decipher what emotion was behind that sentence either, so he's stuck on the barstool contemplating what the next hour was gonna look like.

By the time George had finally finished his food, Dream was already wearing a shirt, it was the same shirt he was sporting in his dream and George was honestly really confused now. Was he still dreaming? He walks into the living room and sees Dream sitting on his couch staring straight ahead at the TV, and if George didn't know any better he'd think Dream was here to kill him, fuck maybe he was.

"Dream?" He calls out peeking out into his living room. George looks around for the tall blonde man, but can't seem to find him anywhere. He slowly pads into the living room, being cautious, not wanting to disrupt anything if he was hallucinating all of this.

"Dream?" he tries again, "Dream, where are you?" He hears Dream reply with, "I'm right here?" but he can't see the man anywhere. That is until a pair of arms grasp him around his waist and pulls him off the ground. George lets out a shriek, and Dream bursts out laughing, putting George down as he curls up into a ball on the floor, wheezing all the while.

George levels him with a glare, "Not funny, Dream." Dream looks up with tears in his eyes, "What do you mean? That was hilarious." He says, still laughing. George huffs at that, beginning to walk towards his bedroom.

Dream crawls after him grabbing his ankle, "Wait, wait no, that was a joke, I'm sorry." He doesn't sound very apologetic but George lets it go because he's hot. Not just because he's hot, but also because the man is indescribable-y charming. If George had to imagine Prince Charming with a personality, he would definitely say that Dream's personality was the closest thing he'd seen. Witty, funny, and well, charming. George lets out a sigh and shrugs Dream off of his foot. He goes to sit down on the couch, while Dream adjusts his position, so he's sitting with his legs butterflied on the floor, directly opposite the couch. George looks down at him and raises a brow prompting Dream to speak.

"Ok, I don't know how much of last night you remember," that sentence doesn't raise confidence in George, the fuck was happening?

"But," Dream continues, "You called me at like 4 AM, sounding all panicked and shaken-up, asking me to come here." Now George really starts to panic, just how much did he tell Dream? Does he know? Was that a goodbye breakfast? Those were things right? Dream seems like the type of person to do that he's just so fucking lovely.

Dream doesn't seem to notice George's little moment of panic because he continues recounting the events from last night. "You sounded like you were having trouble breathing, so I got you to calm down with a little breathing exercise while I started looking up how to get here. You were calm enough to start drifting back to sleep, but I stayed on call with you just in case."

George starts to calm, when Dream says that, if Dream heard anything about the *thing*, he could just pass it off as sleepy delirium, and if Dream doesn't want to stop talking to George for some other dumb shit he passes off as sleep delirium the that's fine. With a plan in mind, George finally had the courage to look up at Dream, he notices that the blonde's face was quite a bit pinker. George doesn't know what to make of that so he just elects to ignore it. The blonde then starts to fiddle with his hands, seeming nervous, George also notices that his voice had gotten a bit softer and sheepish.

"When I got here, you were sleeping," Dream inhales like he's steadyng himself, "so I kinda broke open your lock and I'm really sorry." He lets out in one breath, and bowing down his head towards George. Dream slurred his words together, but George still managed to understand it, he looks towards the lock of his front door, it didn't look broken, which just led to even more questions than answers. He then turns his head towards Dream, who was still bowing his head down.

"I'm not mad," Dream immediately perks up at that, then George adds on a "But," and he deflates. George is starting to think Dream isn't a real human being. He's way too animated and nice to be a real human being. George brushes that thought aside and continues on his first train of thought, "Why isn't the lock broken?"

"Oh," is all Dream says, sticking his hand in his pocket holding out two keys, "I changed the lock." He stands up to hand them to George, who was now inspecting his front door. George looks up at the time, 9:22 AM, "How did you- Wait," He looks back at the clock, yup 9:22 AM, "Dream, what does that clock say?" He says tugging on Dream's sleeve.

"9:22, why?" George immediately starts sprinting to his bedroom, "I'm late for a fucking show," he yells out at Dream. He hears Dream chuckling, but he ignores it, focusing his energy on finding his swan lake costume.

"George," Dream calls out as George starts stuffing extra changes of clothes into his bag, "What?" George calls out to him, still rushing around his bedroom trying to look for the other things he might need. He was ready to go in under a minute and was rushing out in the hallway, when Dream grabs his wrist, George struggles, trying to reach the front door, "Dream, let go, I'm already late-"

"They called earlier," Dream says. George looks up at his face trying to assess whether or not he was lying. "They called while you were still half-asleep and I answered for you," Dream says, tugging George, by his arm to get him into more of Dream's reach. "They said they had extra skaters today, when I asked them if you could have one show off."

Dream takes George's bag and sets it on the coffee table, he pulls into his arms, "What?" George breathes out.

"You're free today, George. Calm down." Dream says as he envelops George in a hug. It's oddly intimate, Dream holding him, rubbing soft circles into his back. George can feel the tenseness leave his shoulders as he lets himself be hugged. He sinks into Dream's warmth, drowning in that musky apple scent once again.

"Hey, George." George just hums, he doesn't know when he closed his eyes, but they were closed, it was really comfortable in Dream's arms. He feels like he could pass out and not worry because Dream would catch him.

“Wanna come to practice with me?”

## Chapter End Notes

i told you guys george was fine  
also i know, i know, i'm late i said friday or saturday, its like wednesday already, im sorry  
i just kinda had a breakdown over how sweet dream is, irl  
anyways this ones back to the 2k word zone so im slowly getting out of the funk ive been in  
next chapter george is finally gonna meet the rest of the team!!  
i hope you guys are excited for that  
another thing: if dream and george see this im fine with it, theres always a chance they see it right?  
but the one thing i ask of them is: UPLOAD ON THE TECH CHANNEL MORE, PLEASE!!!  
and because i missed thanksgiving;  
im thankful to all of you for supporting this fic, i hope im able to continue with a standard you guys are happy with :)

## Conversations

### Chapter Summary

"Whatever, why is it so weird if I call you Clay?"

Dream grins at him, this all feels so easy.

"Well a bit after that, Techno, Wil and Tommy moved in next door-"

Talking to George is one of the easiest things he's done, he could sit here all day exchanging anecdotes with him, watching him react and seeing him talk about Olympic ice skating and dumb rules the ISU made up. Throughout their discourse Dream had learnt that the ISU stood for the International Skating Union and were apparently a pain in the ass.

### Chapter Notes

hi guys, its been a crazy week, so much is happening

i know there are more important things to focus on right now, and this isn't meant to distract from that

i was just thinking that whenever i need something to comfort me i turn to my writing, so hopefully this can help you guys in the same way it helped me enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream feels George stiffen at the question, so he immediately backtracks because of course the pretty skater boy didn't want to go to practice with the weird American who broke into his home. He pulls George off of his chest and holds him at arm's length, feels awkward that he's still touching George and draws back his hands so one is on his own nape and the other is resting by his hip, "Haha, of course if you don't want to I'm not gonna force you to come-"

"Dream." George says.

"You know, it's always your choice. Even if you say, hypothetically choose to come with I wouldn't force you to stay, because-"

"Dream." George repeats, louder this time, but still Dream continues on, "You know you're free to do whatever you want, so basically-"

"Clay!" George yells out, and that gets Dream's attention. He looks directly at the now-flushed Brit.

"You just called me Clay." Dream says slowly, like saying it out loud will make his brain process it faster. He eventually finds himself sat on the couch staring at a condensation ring left on the coffee table.

George looks over to him and gives him a tiny nod, Dream has no idea what his face is doing right

now but he just sits there in awe, because "George just called me Clay."

He can see George start to fidget out of his peripherals, "Do you not like it?" Dream snaps his head back up, and looks up at George with a questioning look. George looks down at his fumbling hands,

"Do you not like it? When people call you Clay?" He clarifies.

It finally clicks in Dream's head that he's been silent for far longer than he thought he was.

"No," Dream says, trying for casual, but miserably failing if the crack in his voice was any indication.

"I'm ok with being called it, it's nice when you do it." He smiles, "Just a bit weird." He says, grin going a bit lopsided as he was trying to think of the right words to say. He looks up at George to gauge how right or how wrong he worded that sentence.

It was strange, how he based his response off of George's reactions. Usually he could say what he meant without stuttering, but with George he had been so careful, so thoughtful of each word he put into a sentence. He could read the man's emotions with little effort and he had no idea if it was just because George was expressive or if it's because he'd been looking a little bit too hard at the Brit- it's definitely because George was expressive.

When he looks up he finds George still looking at him expectantly, 'Do tell what is weird for the man who wrestled an alligator before he was nine years old?'

"It's like," he pauses for a second trying to think of a metaphor that could suit this situation, Ah, "It's like when a couple has pet names with each other," George looks at him incredulously, 'What the fuck? Where did that come from?'

Dream winces at his reaction, "Bear with me. Just, hear me out."

George sighs and pulls up a chair, 'Go on, then.'

"So like you know when in relationships, they call each other 'sweetie' or 'honey' or shit like that?" George nods, "It's like that." George raises a brow at him, 'So you wanna date me?' Dream scratches his head, "No not like-" he sighs, thinking of a different approach.

"Names are like a social construct." He says finally, he's ignoring the looks George is giving him in favour of thinking the right way to phrase it.

"If I wanted to be called, let's say Javier, all I have to do is move to somewhere else and introduce myself as Javier, because it's not like they would know any better unless they checked my ID, right?" George nods along to what he's saying so Dream continues, "If I believe my name is one thing, and I have been called that one thing for my entire life, who's going to tell me that my name isn't that one thing and why should I believe them?" George raises a brow, it's more of a question this time rather than the judging look he had been given earlier, 'Ok, how does this relate to me calling you Clay?'

"When I was a kid, me and Sapnap were thinking of cool nicknames for each other, he settled on 'Pandas' which we eventually flipped around and shit." George giggles a bit at that, the prospect of him and Sapnap being dumb apparently amused him. Dream stores that into the George file in his brain.

"When it came to my nickname-"

"You decided on Dream," George supplies, "You already told me this when we first met, Dream."

"Yeah, but wanna know why?" Dream says with a shit eating grin.

"Why?"

"It's cuz Sapnap said I looked like a dream, with the blonde hair and the eyes and shit."

George rolls his eyes, but then pauses, seeming to consider something. "Are your eyes blue?"

"What?" Dream asks back, he shakes his head. "They're green."

George hums, "That's why."

"That's why what?"

"I'm colourblind, can't see green or red. If your eyes were blue I would have noticed by now, s'one of the colours I can see properly." George says, putting air quotes on 'properly.' Another tidbit for the George file, we eating good tonight boys.

"Whatever, why is it so weird if I call you Clay?" Dream grins at him, this all feels so easy.

"Well a bit after that, Techno, Wil and Tommy moved in next door."

Talking to George is one of the easiest things he's done, he could sit here all day exchanging anecdotes with him, watching him react and seeing him talk about Olympic ice skating and dumb rules the ISU made up. Throughout their discourse Dream had learnt that the ISU stood for the International Skating Union and were apparently a pain in the ass.

"They do female skaters so dirty, like it's so dumb how they can't wear trousers in competition. They have to wear a skirt unless they're in a bodysuit, plus all the make-up they have to cake on for their sport." George sighs, "I just don't understand why they're so strict on those costume guidelines. Half of the male skaters just throw on a shirt and some trousers while the female skaters always have to have a new costume made for their programs."

"Why can't they reuse old costumes?" Dream inputs, staring at the gesturing George does while he's speaking. Dream really likes staring at George, he's really pretty, like really pretty. Even when he scrunches up his face at hearing 'reuse old costumes.'

He looks Dream dead in the eye and says, "You never, ever reuse old costumes." He grabs his mug and takes a sip. "That's like telling someone to go to the MET Gala wearing the same thing they wore for the Grammy's, you just don't." George huffs. He continues on his rant, Dream continues to sit there silently watching him, because, duh, George.

"Going to the Olympics is every figure skater's dream, Clay." Throughout their discourse George had also gotten increasingly comfortable calling Dream, Clay. He kept alternating between the two and it was leading to short-circuiting in Dream's brain.

"Those costumes are made to reflect that. They're made with the idea that you're going to be living out the biggest moment of your life in them. You don't just rewear a costume because each costume is curated for the specific moment, the specific program you're skating for that day."

Dream takes a breath and how goddamned beautiful George looks staring down at the liquid in his mug. The steam from the mug was swirling around the Brit, a small smile on his face as he thought about ice skating, he looked so happy and warm, so comfortable. Dream can feel his heart pound

against his ribcage, and suddenly he hears a small voice sing *So this is love? MmMmMm.*

George interrupts with his little angelic giggle, "Plus it's not like you can use a tango outfit performing swan lake." He smiles, a bright grin, not the same as the one he smiled at his mug earlier, but Dream still has the strange urge to tackle him and kiss him senseless.

George tilts his head at Dream's stare, 'What's wrong?'

"It's nothing," Dream says, physically waving the thoughts away, because what the fuck is he gonna say? *Yeah George I got butterflies from watching you talk about your sport, and I think I've gotten a boner from staring at you for too long, so let me just rub one out in the bathroom, then we can go to practice and pretend everything's fine.* Speaking of practice, he glances over at the clock, "You never answered my question," He says.

"Which question? You've asked quite a few in the past," he looks down at the time in his phone, his eyes go wide, "Two hours?!? We've been talking for over two hours?" George exclaims.

Dream lets out a giggle *Oh god, the team heard that they would never let him live it down.* "Yeah, so back to my question, are you coming to practice with me or not?"

"Well yeah, I was gonna go with you either way, but then we started talking about your estranged childhood." George says casually, already downing the rest of the liquid in his mug and stretching. "Lemme just go change."

"My childhood was not estranged." Dream says, grabbing both their mugs and moving to wash the dishes they had left in the sink.

"Yes, Dream, because sword fighting with Techno while balancing on the railways of a bridge is not strange at all." George says sarcastically, Dream can see the eyeroll despite George's voice fading farther into the apartment.

"It isn't," Dream yells back, "Besides Jimmy's the one who bet us a hundred dollars each"

"Mmm, yes it was a money making scheme, sure." George says flatly.

Dream dries his hands on one of the kitchen towels George has hanging on the drawers, and pulls out his phone while he waits for George to finish changing. He decides to text the group chat as a heads-up.

**Dream Team**

12:52 AM

**Cpn Dream**

bringing someone to practice

please try to be normal

**Sappy Nappy**

*your bringing gEORGE OVER???:))))*

**Cpn Dream**

one \*youre

two maybe

### **Furboy**

*we get to meet the bitch that stole drem from me? omg no way \*cracks knuckles\**

### **Dirt Boy**

*Ey be a nice furry Besides u never rlly asked drem out so....*

*If anyone should be upset it should rlly be me*

### **Furboy**

*excUSR ME*

***I CODED AN ENTIRE MOVIE INTO MINECRAFT FOR HIM***

***BECAUSE HE SAID HED WATCH TREASURE PLANET WITH ME IF IT WAS IN MINECRAFT***

***YOU ASKED HIM TO GO TO PIZZA HUT TO U***

***AND HE EVN ZTOOD U UP***

### **ImBiAndTired**

*Bro,,,Simp behaviour right there*

### **Cpn Dream**

lmao he also coded smth so i could see his face in mc

### **Furboy**

***yEA AND U EXPECT ME NOT TO BE UPSET***

***WHEN U LEAVE ME FOR SOME FIGURE SKATING BASTARD***

### **Cpn Dream**

to be fair george could probably code smth like that into mc

### **Sappy Nappy**

*oh ryt hes like a cs major*

*lmao dres got a type*

## **Furboy**

*i hate it here*

## **The Blade**

*lmao dad just saw u guys fighting over dream and said "Why?"*

*i: agree*

*dream's a menace*

## **Dirt Boy**

*Ngl dre hot*

## **Sappy Nappy**

*trueeeee*

## **ImBiAndTired**

*trueeeee*

## **Carl Jaçub**

*trueeeee*

## **Cpn Dream**

*i will make u all do pushups on the ice*

*stop*

## **Sappy Nappy**



*u tryne be dom for george dre?*

## **Cpn Dream**

*3*

*2*

**Sappy Nappy**

*IM SOORY NO ICE PUSHUPS PLS*

**Cpn Dream**

always works lmao

i leave now

be there in thirty :)

**Dirt Boy**

***Cpn Dream***

*i leave now*

*why*

**Sappy Nappy**

*he at george house*

**Furboy**

*wHAT*

*U NEVER WENT TO MY HOUSE*

*NOT EVN MY MINECRFT HOUSE DRE*

**The Child**

*#FundyDeservesBetter*

**Furboy**

*...tommy?*

### **Dirt Boy**

*Lmao no that was dad*

### **Furboy**

*cOACH!!! :D*

### **Dirt Boy**

*He says youve made it weird now*

### **Furboy**

*coach :(*

Dream looks up when he hears a door close. He sees George had changed into what Dream had learned to call skating pants, they were black, made of fleece, and they hugged George's legs beautifully, he wonders how they look like from behind- Now was a great time for Dream to avert his eyes to the baby blue hoodie George was wearing. It was really big on him, like really big, like it could probably fit Dream big. Dream swallows, not because of any particular reason, his mouth just suddenly feels very watery and slimy. There really isn't a correlation between Dream's swallowing and the way George's hoodie exposes his collarbones and neck.

Dream immediately lowers his gaze back down to his phone and adjusts his own collar, *bad Dream, no think bad thoughts, George deserves more than that* he mentally scolds himself.

Dream keeps his eyes trained on his phone, hoping George didn't catch him looking. "You ready?"

George hums, wrapping up a scarf around his neck, "Should I bring my skates?"

Dream looks up and narrows his eyes at George, he interprets that sentence as 'Can I practice there?' George must have meant it that way too, he looks sheepish and awkward as he asks the question.

Dream sighs, pocketing his phone. He levels George with a look, "You really think you can practice while there's an entire ass hockey game going on."

George looks off and contemplates it, "I mean technically-"

Dream lets out a huff and throws a hand towel at him, "Stop."

George starts laughing and folds up the hand towel. He rests it on the kitchen counter and nods at Dream, "Let's go?"

Dream grabs his keys, then checks that he has both his wallet and phone on him before opening the door for George.

“Your stuff?” George asks as Dream closes the door behind them.

He shrugs, “In the car.” He motions for George to lock the door, but the Brit is just staring at him with shocked eyes.

“You have a car?” He asks as he starts on the locks. Dream leans onto the wall next to the door, making sure he isn’t blocking the light, “Yeah? Why?”

“I don’t know I just didn’t expect you to own one.” George says finally clicking the final lock into place. “You always seemed to be walking everywhere.”

George starts walking down the hallway and Dream steps into pace with him.

“That’s because I usually do walk everywhere.”

“Then why do you own a car?”

“I like driving, it’s mindless but just enough to keep your mind off of things you know?”

George mumbles something Dream doesn’t quite catch while they’re going down the second flight of stairs.

“What was that?”

“I don’t know how to drive.” George repeats louder, already pushing the doors to the lobby open. Dream pauses at that and the door almost slams into his face. George doesn’t stop, doesn’t even wait for Dream to catch up to him.

Dream catches up fairly quickly, anyway. He’s a good five inches taller than George, of course it doesn’t take him long.

“Wait, really?” George nods slightly, “Aren’t you like thirty or something?” Dream says sarcastically. George rolls his eyes as Dream points him down the road.

“Shut up,” George grumbles, shivering a bit, “I never had the time to learn how.”

Dream kinda feels a bit bad for laughing, just a bit, because an idea pops into his head, “I could teach you.” He says, with a kind smile. George peers up at him, and Dream just melts. He looks so cute all bundled up in his jacket, with a little pink dusting across the bridge of his nose, he looks like something straight out of Dream’s fantasies. Dream seems to be lost in his thoughts as George hurries ahead stopping in front of an old, silver Toyota Corolla, “Ok whatever can you please just open the door already, I’m freezing.”

Dream physically winces, “George do you really think so lowly of me?”

“What?” George asks, sounding genuinely confused.

“That’s not my car.” He says, deadpan, staring at the poor old thing.

“Fine, which one is it, I’m so fucking col-” Dream clicks his car key, George snaps his head over the chirp of the car. “No way.” George breathes out, he looks back at him with his mouth hanging wide open. “There’s no way you drive an Audi.”

Dream just wheezes at him, “There’s no fucking way that’s your car, Dream. You’re in college

aren't you broke?" Dream just cackles even harder, strolls up to the car, opens the passenger's side and gestures for George to get in. He rounds the car and can still see George gaping by the time he gets into the driver's seat.

"How the fuck do you own an Audi?" George says, as Dream slams his door shut and jabs his key into the fob, Dream shrugs. "I don't know," He checks his mirrors then begins to back out of the spot he had parked in, "I saved enough for my entire college career, but then I got offered an athletic scholarship here, and suddenly I had all this money left over, and decided buying one second hand wouldn't hurt."

"Christ," Dream can't exactly see George's expressions, but he can still see the gestures the other does through his peripherals. He chuckles and focuses his eyes back on the road in front of him. "Who the fuck does that?" He can hear George mumble to himself, he lets out another chuckle at that.

They fall into a comfortable silence after that. Well mostly silence, he can hear George squirming around in his seat. So he glances over to the passenger seat at the next red light, "What's wrong?" He stops himself mid sentence when he sees George hugging himself, shivering in his sleep. He then checks the console and sees that he accidentally turned off heating on George's seat. "You could've told me," he mumbles, turning the seat heating on, and raising the temperature of the car in general. George settles down after that, curling into a ball and sleeping soundly the rest of the ride, leaving Dream alone with his thoughts.

*Do I love him? Yeah, probably, most likely. Does he even like me back? I mean he was staring earlier wasn't he? But that could just be the shock of seeing a stranger in your house. He called you, of all people? Well maybe it was the first contact he clicked on? I mean you probably were the last person to text him, so it's likely? Ugh, calm down butterflies just because you were the last one to text him, doesn't mean he likes you, it just means you look hella desperate. He talked for over two hours! That has got to account for something right? I mean he mostly talked about figure skating and how much he loved it, and you got a boner so... fucking weirdo. But the cuddling! He's a cuddly person? We need to see how he interacts with his friends then maybe we can gauge the situation, alright? Point of comparison and shits. You don't really know anything about him do you?*

Dream sighs and glances over to the man oblivious to his thoughts. He was still sleeping soundly, his long eyelashes brushing across the tops of his cheeks. Dream looks away, but then hears George mumble things in his sleep. He had known George talked in his sleep ever since the Pizza Hut, Sapnap was even there to witness George mumble about apples in his sleep. This time though he's not mumbling about apples or yelling for help, he's mumbling Dream's name and giggling.

*Wait, wait, wait, what? That's my name isn't it? Holy shit?! What the fuck does this mean? Wait let's be rational. He's saying your name and he's giggling. He's totally dreaming about you but what exactly is he dreaming about? You've been around him for the majority of the day of course he's gonna dream about you? Is that how this works?*

He's interrupted by a groan in George's direction. He sees movement and focuses his eyes forward. George mumbles out a "G'morning." Dream decides to pause his freak out and overanalyzation for later. So he smiles a bright one and quickly turns his head in George's direction, "Good morning!"

George groans again, "How long have I been out?"

Dream glances at the glowing digits on his console, "Just over twenty minutes, we're gonna be there in a few."

George glances out at the window and rests his chin on his palm, “Where are you guys practicing anyway?”

“I don’t know actually,” Dream lets out a laugh, “Coach just said there’s something going on in the campus rink, so he arranged a match with a different team.”

George hums, still staring out the window. He’s staring at the passing buildings, the lighting from the sun makes him look absolutely ethereal. The light makes him look golden, and once again, Dream can hear his heart try to pound it’s way out of his chest. He ignores it in favour of remembering they hadn’t had lunch yet.

“Are you hungry?” Dream asks, snapping George out of his staring match with the buildings. “We could pass by a McDonald’s along the way.”

As if on cue, George’s stomach growls and Dream starts wheezing, George laughing along with him. So Dream pulls into the drive through and they order. While they’re waiting for their food, George starts up a conversation.

“Are you one of those guys who don’t let people eat in their cars?” He asks.

Dream looks at him, “Nah, I used to be, but I have two younger siblings, they’ve made a mess in the backseat before and I just don’t care anymore.”

George smiles at that, “What’s having siblings like?”

Dream grimaces, which makes George laugh.

“It’s like having two rabid gremlins loose in the house. They’re constantly fighting. I honestly don’t know how there can be so much pent up anger in two little gremlin bodies.”

George looks over at him, “You were probably like that once, Dream.”

“Yeah but I didn’t have to deal with myself.” Dream says, George laughs again, Dream just wants to keep hearing him laugh, so he goes on a tangent.

“This one time, they both puked in my car after I got them both food, like bro.” He thumps his head lightly on the steering wheels, he can hear George giggling so he continues. “It smelled horrible in there and I had to drive them back before I could even start to clean the car.”

“It’s a good thing it didn’t happen in this car then,” George interjects.

“Oh, God. I don’t know what I would’ve done if they had done that in this car.”

They then hear a tap on Dream’s window, it was the server handing over a bag of food. Dream smiles and thanks them, handing over the bag to George. He then gets handed the drinks which he then slots into the cupholders.

George starts rummaging through the bag and eating some fries. He had offered some to Dream, but he had declined. “I’ll eat after practice.”

“Oh so you’re like that too.” George says, through his mouthful of food. If someone else did that it would probably look disgusting, but Dream is convinced whatever it is George does he just makes it look pretty.

“I think all athletes are like that George,” He laughs, “I mean if you don’t let your body process the

food and immediately go into a practice session, the food's just gonna come back right out.”

George swallows and takes a sip of his drink, “We've been talking about puke a lot today.”

Dream lets out a shocked cackle out at that, turning into the parking lot of the rink they were supposed to meet up at.

He looks over at George who had an empty big mac box on his lap and was currently eating the fries from their box. He grabs his bag from the back and just waits until George gives him the ok. He's not complaining, it gives him more time to appreciate George's beauty.

*God, you're in so deep, Dream.*

## Chapter End Notes

the single quotes, are dreams interpretation of what george is thinking, based on his facial expressions

wooo its been a rough week, but its ok, im ok we'll get through this together  
i hope you guys enjoyed this, despite it not being the George meets the team chapter  
you guys were waiting for.

i just really needed some softer fluffier vibes this time around  
this is double my longest chapter, its around 4.4k words? i think, so hopefully that  
makes up for the fact it isn't george meets the team :)

# Big Q

## Chapter Summary

“Techno’s a scary motherfucker, ok? There’s a fucking reason we call him ‘Technoblade.’ He takes after his dad. Coach only gets angry once in a blue moon, or like when you interrupt his sleep or something, same goes for Techno. He rarely gets mad, but when he does, well lets just hope I find an escape route faster than he can catch me running in skates.” The blond says, still trying to slip on the majority of the equipment while still pushing George forward. George watches as Dream tries to put on his second shin guard with one hand, while still trying to hop forward with the other foot. He sighs and uses his weight to stop them, having mercy on the poor pitiful himbo that he has somehow fallen for.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream decides staring at George this much should really be a crime, so as not to subject himself to a life in jail, he looks down at the drinks they bought and starts laughing. He can tell George is looking at him incredulously, but all he can do right now is laugh at the fact George got apple juice. Eventually George shoves him, and that just makes Dream laugh harder.

"Why are you laughing so hard, dickhead?" George says, after swallowing his mouthful of food.

Dream tries to calm himself before answering, it doesn't work and George is starting to look all pouty so Dream, being the simp that he is, starts to talk through his wheezes.

"You- ordered- apple juice." He starts cackling again, and the pout on George's face only deepens.

"What's so wrong with ordering apple juice?" He says, taking a sip of the aforementioned drink, staring at Dream's face.

Dream has finally calmed down enough so he could actually breathe, "Nothing, it's just a kid drink. The only person I know that seriously drinks apple juice is my little bro."

"It's not a kid's drink, it's juiced apple, it's good. If it wasn't good people wouldn't sell it."

"Stop being so good at comebacks what the heck I'm supposed to be the smart one."

Dream looks up from where he had wiped his tears to see George staring at him, or behind him maybe? He was staring at something in Dream's general direction.

"What?" Dream looks out the window, trying to figure out what George was staring at.

"Mm, it's nothing," George grabs a handful of fries and stuffs them in his mouth.

"Woah, slow down there, you might choke." Dream hands him his drink, with a little snicker. George glares but accepts the drink anyways. This goes on for a while, Dream just watching George eat, because that's not weird.

*Well, it wasn't before you pointed it out. Sigh, why is your inner voice like this? Why does it hate you so? Sighhh. Stop saying sigh you might actually sigh and make George think you're bored of him-*

George once again interrupts his inner monologue before it gets too far. *Really at this point you should just keep him around so he can keep doing that. SHHH!*

"So, why are we just sitting in the car and not going inside?" George says, still munching on his fries. (A/N why does he have so many?? whenever i order from mcdonald's it's finished in like ten minutes, i hate it here. stfu author get back to the story. :( ur so rood.)

"I was waiting for you to finish eating," He gestures to the food on George's lap. Before George can protest, he also adds, "Plus the team's," Dream gestures trying to find the right word, "a bit much. Wanna give you time to meet them."

George peers up at him, "Are they really that bad?" Again his mouth is full, he should look disgusting why does he look like someone out of a fucking commercial. "I mean you've met Sapnap."

George swallows, taking a sip from his apple juice, *Yes, Dream still isn't over the fact that George orders apple juice, it's so cute and endearing. Read as: He. Is. A. Simp.*

George scoffs, "I'm not a porcelain doll, Dream."

"Could've fooled me." Dream whispers underneath his breath, George hears apparently, since he claps him on the arm again.

"I take one nap and you're no longer a simp, I see how it is. Is this how you are with all of your dates, Dream?"

Two sets of eyes widen at that sentence, and before Dream can even begin to process what that means, George is immediately backtracking.

"Not that, this is a date, you know?" George blurts out. He looks down at his lap, "Unless you want it to be a date. That was a joke, yes definitely a joke-"

Dream can feel his heart burst at the endearment he has for this man. He feels his face stretch into a small fond smile, just staring at him ramble.

Dream decides to take pity on the poor rambling man and takes George's hand, softly clasping it between both of his. "No, no this can be a date." He says softly.

Dream can see the flush on George's ears, it spreads across the bridge of his nose while he looks down, away from Dream's eyes as he softly says, "O-ok."

George's hands are much colder off of the ice, Dream notes. He can feel his fond smile stretch wider, when he thinks about the possibility of making George half as nervous as he is around the other.

He wonders if George feels half as giddy when his name pops up on the screen, wonders if he ever stumbles on the ice because he let his mind wander too much, wonders if he feels the same about his as he does George's. Dream can't help it, George's eyes are like a dark swirling vat of hot chocolate on a cold winters day. It's like walking through a forest in autumn, everything is perfect, the temperature, the scenery, the company. He's about to mention this to George, try to tell him, try to explain just how beautiful his eyes were, just how beautiful he was but before he can even utter a

word, a loud pounding at the driver's side window makes them both jump. Dream whips his head around to see Sapnap, with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Dream stares back out at the brunette as he rolls down his window, "Bro, what the fuck? Are you trying to break my fucking windows?"

"I wouldn't have to if you stopped making out with pretty boys when you're supposed to be practicing." Sapnap shrugs. He leans down, and sticks his head into the window to look at George's burning red face, "Hiya Georgie."

Dream hears George let out a squeak that sounds like a "Hi" back.

"You're looking a bit red there, Georgie. What were you guys doing in here?" Sapnap says, still maintaining the shit-eating grin.

George groans and buries his face in his hands with, "Fuck off, Sapnap."

Dream proceeds to push Sapnap's head out of his car, "You heard him, Sapnap. We'll come in a bit."

"Ha, I bet you will," He says, moving his head out of the window. Dream rolls his eyes at that looking towards a cherry red George. He gives the Brit a lopsided grin, he gets a small smile in return.

"Hurry, coach is gonna beat your ass." Sapnap says, already turning around, rubbing at his eyes, trying to melt away the sappiness he just witnessed.

"Nah, he'll be cool," Dream calls out after him, Sapnap looks behind himself, he sees the blonde still staring at George, already rolling up the windows. He hums, "Techno won't though."

Sapnap doesn't often win fights against Dream, but when he does, oooh boy. There's just something so satisfying about seeing his perfect best friend stumble his way out of his pristine silver Audi, trying to juggle his equipment while also pushing his new British boy toy into the venue. George was sporting an "I'm so done with these meatheads" look, while it looks like Dream is explaining to him the wrath of the Technoblade. Slowly Karl who has been watching all of this go down from the entrance of the venue, comes into view. "You told him Techno was gonna get his ass didn't you?"

"Of course, I did, now turn your hot buns around before he finds out we still have half an hour of pre warm-ups to get through." Karl snickers at that but turns and strides into the building with him. God, he cannot wait until George meets the rest of the team.

As Dream rolls up the window, George can hear Sapnap call out something about Techno? George couldn't quite hear but he did see Dream's reaction to what Sapnap had just said. There was a split second where the blond just sat looking like he had just been drenched in ice cold water, before he just grabbed all of his shit from the back, and ran out of the car. He had barely even closed the door to the driver's side when he appeared at the passenger's side door, yanking it open and trying to hurry George out of there.

"Calm down, Dream." George says, while his hands are stuffed with the food he was eating, along with Dream's half of the food. "Whatever Techno makes you do it can't be that bad, you're like the star player aren't you?"

Dream begins pushing him towards the entrance, because apparently in the Dream Fear State™ he just assumes George is a porcelain doll that must be protected, which while endearing and all, it

gives off dumb himbo energy, just a bit, babe.

*Oh? Babe? Progress?*

*No British people call strangers all kinds of nicknames, stfu.*

*Yeah but you're from London?*

*And you're a voice in my head what's your point?*

*Bruh isn't that exclusive to the northern parts?*

*No, fuck you, clock back in to what future boyfriend is saying.*

*LMAO GOTTIM.*

“Techno’s a scary motherfucker, ok? There’s a fucking reason we call him ‘Technoblade.’ He takes after his dad. Coach only gets angry once in a blue moon, or like when you interrupt his sleep or something, same goes for Techno. He rarely gets mad, but when he does, well lets just hope I find an escape route faster than he can catch me running in skates.” The blond says, still trying to slip on the majority of the equipment while still pushing George forward. George watches as Dream tries to put on his second shin guard with one hand, while still trying to hop forward with the other foot. He sighs and uses his weight to stop them, having mercy on the poor pitiful himbo that he has somehow fallen for.

Dream looks up at him with a confused expression, George just sighs again and holds the poor hockey player steady, “Can’t have the star player getting injured now can we?” he says with a smile.

Dream apparently gets flustered way easier in dumb himbo mode, because instead of the usual quip, George gets a tomato red face and a dumbfounded expression. Well, it’s really not all that bad of a sight if George is being honest, the flush illuminates his freckles and it makes his eyes pop. He can’t quite pick out the colours, sure, but there wasn’t anything telling him that Dream wasn’t absolutely stunning right now. George can feel his pulse speed through his veins at the sight. He looks away from the not-just-funny-but-also-super-attractive American man and tries to calm his racing heart, because there is no universe where constantly looking at the guy who gives you heart palpitations is a good thing. He opts to look around at the rink, assessing where he’ll be staying for the next who knows how long, because he knows absolutely nothing about hockey except for what Dream taught him.

He looks up at the big glass ceiling letting the light filter in, watches the way it shines on the ice, sees the smiles of the people passing by, and suddenly George can hear music. He can see the moves, the lighting, the music, the costume, something was missing though. His eyes darted around trying to find what he was missing. They flit towards the food stands, to the hockey players, and back to rink, before they settle on his feet, he tries to think about what would complete the-

“Oof.” George gets knocked down by a body that collides with his. He can barely see what the small weight in front of him looks like but he can assume based off of the horrible faked British accent coupled with the call of “Georgie!”

“Hello, Big Q.” He says with a smile, beside him Dream mouths “Who is he?” George fondly rolls his eyes, at the antics of the boy still on top of him and the jealousy radiating off of the blond beside him. \

Later,” He mouths back, hoping to placate the jealous rage that was sure to come after he walked out of George’s line of sight.

*God so clingy, they aren't even dating yet.*

*Yet? Kinda sus, ngl.*

*Stop talking like that, why are you like this?*

*Stop going on stan twt so late at night then.*

*Touchè.*

"God I thought he'd never leave, how are you darling?" Quackity continues with his faked British accent, getting off of the taller skater.

"I didn't actually want him to leave, but thanks I guess." George says, picking up the bags of food he was carrying, he's so lucky that Dream had left the drinks in the car, speaking of which he should make a mental note to grab the keys from Dream later.

"Well, I did," Quackity says in his normal voice, taking one of the bags from George arms. George simply checks the bag that Quackity had grabbed, making sure it isn't Dream's. He switches the bags out, and Quackity continues on his tirad not even mentioning the bag switch.

"He's a hockey player, hockey players are bad news. They're all trash." He says sticking a fry into his mouth.

George scrunches up his face, "You're just saying that because of Schlatt."

Quackity hums around the food in his mouth, "I am just saying that because of Schlatt," He swallows, turning his head to the side. "He was an asshole." "I mean what kind of sane person tries to manipulate you into marriage to get half of your things, it's just fucked up." Quackity turns his head back to the rink, while George starts to pull out his phone, a wide grin splits across the shorter's face. He tugs on George's sleeve to get him to look towards the rink. "Speaking of the devil, want to go see his ass get beat by your new pretty boy?"

George looks over to where both teams were warming up on the ice, his eyes laser focused on Dream because where else is he gonna look? He sees Dream skating around Sapnap and another boy who was tying up his long dyed-pink hair. Dream looks pissed, George has no idea what the blond may be talking about, but he looks kinda hot pissed. *Oh my god, have you ever heard someone say anything gayer?*

*Oh my gOD SHUT UP!*

*Never mind then, you have said something gayer.*

Sapnap looks like he's taunting Dream and the long haired dude, Techno, George assumes, looks incredibly amused at Dream's suffering. Another boy, the same one Niki had introduced as Wilbur, the day at the rink, then swoops in and yanks Dream's helmet over his head. George giggles at the pout covering Dream's face when he manages to pull the helmet back up, he glares a bit at Wilbur but then lightens when the taller boy says something.

Dream frantically looks around the rink before Wilbur plops his hand onto his temples and forces them to look straight at George. George just giggles again and waves at the small group of hockey players bantering. Dream looks absolutely love-stricken, with the dopey little smile on his face and a light flush covering his cheeks. George can't help but give his own grin back. Unfortunately, their little moment doesn't last all too long, since the team immediately started cooing at the blond and ruffling his hair.

Quackity shoulder checks George, getting his attention once more. "Damn, stop ogling the other team."

You do know that we go to different colleges right?" George asks him, rolling his eyes.

"Mmm, yes I am aware, tis why you never visit me." Quackity says, sticking his nose up and away from George.

“You’re such an idiot.” George says knocking him upside in the head.

Quackity ignores him in favour of scarfing down more of GEORGE’S fries. George simply rolls his eyes and decides he might as well find out how long he’s gonna be waiting for. “How long do hockey games last?”

“I don’t know, why are you asking me?” Quackity says, shrugging his shoulders. George pinches him, “Ow, fuck. Chill, God, they last like two and half to three hours.”

George just gapes at him, “You’re telling me, I’m gonna be sitting here flat on my ass doing nothing for three fucking hours?”

Quackity just nods his head, unable to answer with the bite of food in his mouth. *Seriously mans be eating like he’s starved.*

*Shut up, George you would be doing the same if the season wasn’t still ongoing.*

“I should’ve brought my laptop.” George grumbles under his breath.

“Man, shut up. You’re such a work-a-holic you barely even reply to my texts-”

“Seriously though, you need to stop sending me ‘Good Morning’ texts every single fucking morning.”

“Why? You afraid blondie over there’s gonna get jealous?”

“No it’s just annoying.” George says, Quackity shrugs and takes another bite of George’s left-over burger.

“What’s up with you and blondie anyway? Man’s was glaring so hard, when I pounced you.” He says through his mouthful, which if George may point out, was extremely disgusting.

“Nothing,” George says, looking straight ahead.

“Mhm, yeah that’s why you’re glowing like someone who just got fucked real good.” Quackity says, so nonchalantly. *How does the man do it?* George digs his hands into his eyes and lets out a fond sigh.

“We didn’t fuck if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Mm, no? Is that why I saw you guys walk out of the same car? After that car was parked for a solid ten to fifteen minutes, which may I point out, is the same amount of time it takes for you to ejaculate,” he pauses to swallow, putting up his hand up towards George’s face, “I only know that cuz I timed you that one time.”

George sighs through the hands still on his face, he contemplates his life and thinks about why the fuck he’s even friends with this bitch in the first place.

“He was at mine.” He mumbles out, and he can already feel Quackity’s stare boring into his hands, he peeks out to see Quackity with his mouth hanging open.

“And you have the audacity to tell me you didn’t fuck? Get that dick, George!” At this point he was yelling and George was about ready to punt this man across the ice, instead he slaps his hand across Quackity’s mouth and hopes to God that no one heard the mother fucker.

“Shut the fuck up, please.” George says, pulling his friend down making sure to keep his grasp on

Quackity's mouth tight. Quackity glares at him, the look says, "Try me bitch I'm gonna lick your hand." George beats him to the insult.

"Go on lick my hand, you don't know where it's been." He says smugly, nodding his head towards Dream's general direction.

Quackity makes a belching sound behind George's hand, trying to yank his friend's hand off of his face. George starts laughing his head off and lets Quackity go.

"You're fucking disgusting." Quackity says scrunching up his face, George is still laughing his ass off beside him. Quackity notices Blondie, now on the ice, staring at George. Quackity shoots him a look and raises one of his eyebrows at the hockey player. That seems to snap the blond out of it, he shakes his head and begins skating towards his companions. *Interesting.*

He huffs out a breath to get George's attention, "Go on then," Quackity says, adjusting his beanie so it's sitting on his head better. George shoots him a questioning look through his breaths, "What was he doing at your place if you weren't hopping on that d?" He says, cheekily gyrating his hips.

George slaps his arm, hard, but his face was still burning red. "Uh, nothing we just kinda talked?"

Quackity hums, "What about?"

"Nothing really," George pauses, then smiles a small little fond smile. "He made me some hot chocolate though."

Oh, and Quackity knows that smile, that's the smile that means George sits just that little bit straighter, the smile that means George beams so bright he's practically the sun, that's the smile that means George is in love. Quackity stares at his friend and watches as that small little treacherous smile that usually leaves his friend sobbing, warps into a look of confusion, and suddenly it clicks.

*George doesn't even know he's in love. When he realizes, he's gonna pull away again just like with-*

So instead of saying anything Quackity simply plasters on a smile and makes another joke about George getting dicked down.

*I can't let you ruin your life again, George. Not when he so obviously likes you back.*

## Chapter End Notes

hello guys merry christmas :)

someone: it's the twenty-sixth- \*gets shot\*

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

there are so many new things, like there are more characters! more pov switches!

(seriously i think there were like four in this one askdjsk)

more questions too! includes but not limited to:

just like with what/who? how long have quackity and george known each other?

KARLNAP???????

all will be answered soon lovelies

for now i am contemplating making a christmas cookie one shot based off of dreams

tweet about the sugar cookie drista made, would you want that? anyways hope you guys have a good day, may your days be full of all of your favourite things :)



# TommAYE

## Chapter Summary

He hears George's sobs die down, feels his breath even beneath the palm of his hand. George finally settles into Quackity's arms with silent sniffles, when a blonde British kid pipes up in front of them, "Bit dramatic, innit?"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Quackity is beginning to question the reliability of his previous thoughts. He thought he could read George like a book but APPARENTLY not because from what he's heard so far, George just seemed to throw himself into the deep end. These two were acting like they were a couple while simultaneously being completely oblivious to the fact that they were, but also heavily flirting with one another? What the fuck was going on with these two?

The more he heard about their relationship, the more confused he got. He didn't understand what George was playing at, acting all shifty around this new, still unnamed boy. It doesn't make any sense for regular George but he does suppose this isn't regular George is it? This is a different breed of George, one that Quackity doesn't know how to console.

While Quackity was busy contemplating the sanity of both him and his friend and the benefits of gunning it towards the blonde hockey player and demanding answers, he hears something that catches his attention.

"He said this was a date." George whispers, he's looking down at his hands between his thighs, he's fiddling his fingers but he's smiling. "Uhm, I had made some dumb joke and he just went along with it and said yeah, this was a date." He then lifts his head to stare out onto the ice and he presses his lips into a hard line, "And I said ok, I said yeah sure ok this was a date." He finally turns his head to meet Quackity's eyes. George's lips were upturned into a smile but his eyes were wet with tears, threatening to fall. "Quackity, what did I do?"

Quackity was confused, confused as all hell, but his friend was on the verge of tears in front of him so instead of questioning him even further, he yanks George into his chest and starts rubbing up and down George's back, just like he had always done. He hears George let out a shaky breath and Quackity starts to think maybe consoling this George won't be so different after all.

So he leans his head onto George's and whispers, "You've already fallen. There's nothing to do now, George. Just enjoy it." Sure he has absolutely no idea why that was what pushed George over the edge, why those words were the words that made him cry as hard as he did, but he'll be damned before he lets go of a sobbing George clinging on to him. He waits for George to calm down, lets the Brit cling onto him for as long as he needs, as he just silently holds the trembling man. He hears George's sobs die down, feels his breath even beneath the palm of his hand. George finally settles into Quackity's arms with silent sniffles, when a blonde British kid pipes up in front of them, "Bit dramatic, innit?"

George lifts his head up from where he had buried it in Quackity's neck and looks towards the offending sound, a pinched look across his face. His eyes are puffed up and red and his nose still runny, as he asks, "Excuse me?"

The brunette boy sitting next to his blonde friend groans, rests his elbows on his knees and buries his face into his hands. (He's still peeking out of the corner of his eye though, like he's physically forced to watch over his friend.) The blonde kid has the audacity to shoot a grin at his troubled friend before responding loud and clear with, "You heard me, pal!"

George's mouth hangs open as he stares at the profile of the blonde kid's head, this whole situation is apparently amusing to Quackity as he lets out a loud cackle at the way George is glaring at the child's head. The loud noise causes the brunette friend to look over at them, and when he does, he lets out a groan. He knows this is going to end badly for everyone involved but his best friend isn't necessarily the easiest to dissuade. He decides there's not much he can do in this situation and readies himself to deal with however this mess is going to end up later on.

George affixes his glare onto his laughing friend. Quackity takes a peak at him through his eyes, that have shut through sheer smiley-ness and it sends him onto another horrible cackling fit, George huffs, rolling his eyes at his still-laughing friend and focusing back onto the blonde kid in front of him. "Look, I don't know who you are and you don't know who I am so can you please just fuck off and we'll call it even."

The blonde kid whips his head around, words already flying out of his mouth before- "Look, bro, it's not my fault you're talking about your issues at a- hOLY SHIT YOU'RE GEORGE 'NOT FOUND' DAVIDSON." The blonde kid looks towards Quackity, "AND YOU'RE 'BIG Q.'" That effectively wiped the smile off of Quackity's face, as he winces at the old nickname. George just slaps a hand on his face and groans, because *Of course, the kid knows them, of fucking course.*

"Please, quiet down before people swarm us or some shit." George says, ducking his head down, covering it with his hood. He looks around paranoid making sure no one else had glanced over.

The blonde kid scrunches up his face at that, "You know you're a lot nicer on the telly."

"Yeah, well I'm a lot nicer to people who don't criticize my love life without knowing me." George shoots back with a huff and a glare.

"Yeah, well it's not MY fault you're talking about your "love life" in the middle of a hockey game." The blonde kid rolls his eyes.

Not one to be outdone, George shoots back, "Well it's not MY fault you were eavesdropping on my very personal conversation with my friend, over here." He grabs Quackity's arm, who just slips it right out of his grip, hissing out a, "Do not get me involved in this."

The kid drops his arms out of the crossed they had been in, "Why are you even arguing with a kid who just happened to overhear your dumb conversation anyway?"

"What's a figure skating nerd doing at an ice hockey practice match anyway?" George counters.

"Could ask you the same thing." The kid says with a snarl, immediately dropping it at the look his friends shoots him, "Besides I have a legitimate reason for being here anyway." The kid slumps back in his seat.

"Oh, yeah, what's that?" George says tauntingly.

The kid just turns back to look at George with a smug look. "See that pink-haired bastard over

there?" George nods, tracking the man with his eyes, "That's Technoblade, he's my older brother." George can hear the pride and giddiness(?) in the kid's voice as he watches Techno get blocked by another player, he slides the puck between the opponents legs over to Dream who then grabs the puck and begins skating towards the goal. George winces when a body collides with Dream's just as he shoots the puck into the goal. A whistle sounds and George's attention snaps back to the loud, blonde kid he was talking to.

The kid just smirks at him like he knows something, that George doesn't. George isn't normally one to pick fights with little children, but there was something about this kid that dug beneath his skin, and maybe it was the fact that he found the kid extremely annoying, more so than the usual loud child. George glares at him, and the kid just maintains his smirk and suddenly asks. "So you're like dating Dream then?"

George can feel his eyes narrow at that question. "How do you know who Dream is?"

He hears Quackity whisper, "His name is Dream?" somewhere in the background but George is laser-focused on how someone he doesn't fucking know knows who Dream is. He'd been so fucking careful not even saying "Dream," to Quackity, QUACKITY, his best friend. How the fuck would this random child know Dream, unless some sort of me-

"Calm down, George Not Found." The kid says suddenly, doing little head tilts at his nickname, a mocking gesture, "Since I apparently have to spell it out for you, I'm Tommy and this," He points towards the nervous brunette beside him, "is Tubbo."

And it finally clicks in George's brain, the loud blonde teenager that effectively named Dream's sister, and his partner in crime who once brought a beehive to practice. Technoblade is his older brother, George can hear Dream's voice say "and that was when Techno, Wil and Tommy, moved in next door." and he suddenly wants to slam his head onto the back of the chairs.

Though he (kinda? Does it really count? Dream) knows them, he still eyes them warily, mainly focusing on the smaller one who's been quietly looking up at him, throughout his entire discourse with Tommy. George can feel the knit of his eyebrows untangle as he raises one, "Dream didn't say anything about Tubbo being mute," He prods, pointedly looking at the smaller one.

"Oh, I'm not!" The brunette perks up upon hearing his alias, "Tommy just speaks enough for the both of us." He says.

Tommy starts digging into his ribs and Tubbo starts pushing him away with shouts of "What the heck! Stop!"

George takes the opportunity to shoot a glance at Quackity who wasn't even paying that much attention to the interaction anymore. He was leaned back in his chair, focusing on the hockey game. He only offers up a small shrug to George's curious glance. Useless as always, George sighs and looks back at the two teens still bantering in front of him.

Sure the pair were annoying and gave him a legitimate reason to ignore them as fans, but they weren't JUST fans, they knew Dream and if he was gonna get introduced to them eventually, why not just do it sooner rather than later? Besides, these two seemed like an intriguing pair and he could definitely use this as an excuse to ignore the swirling thoughts in his head, so he leans down onto his legs, effectively folding his body in half to be able to be on the same eye level with them, and starts talking to them.

Tommy is energetic and loud, and exactly as Dream had described him. George had to agree this kid was indescribable, he was an enigma all on his own, and entirely all too unpredictable. Tubbo was much more relaxed than Tommy was, much more polite, too. (That sounds wrong, much more polite? polite-r? Whatever! Who cares?!). While Tommy was loud and brash, Tubbo was calm and

sweet, sure a little air-headed at times but endearing either way. George understood the kid, it was hard to keep up with such extreme personalities, especially when they were yelling about some shit or another at 2 AM. AGAIN. QUACKITY.

George would've thought that talking to two teenagers almost eight years his juniors would be awkward, but both Tommy and Tubbo are quite easy to talk to. They held no qualms talking to someone so much older than them, they were probably used to it anyway, what with the team and all. They made quick friends with Quackity too, because of course they did, Quackity was exactly like Tommy, loud, energetic and funny. Which is why it doesn't surprise him when they end up having the conversation that they do.

It all started out as a normal conversation, with Tubbo, when Tubbo's phone pings. He looks down at it then looks back up at George with the most innocent expression, "Hey Gogy, what's an STD?"

George lets out a surprised laugh at that because *what*? Then Tommy just joins in with a "Wait, wait Tubbo what did you just say?"

To which Tubbo replies, "Gogy, I really want to know what an STD is- no one's telling me, and I feel like you're the man for the job."

The moment George heard Quackity laugh at that, he knew that this bit was just going to hell so he just went along, acting the innocent part, because he is emotionally drained and sleepy.

Their conversation flows from one topic to another and they start talking about the hockey game, in front of

"No, no but it's Techno, he can just brute force his way through the other team's defense." Tommy had said.

"But Dream is like extremely agile, he can weave his way through the opponents and confuse them. Plus he always has like a dozen plans backed up, in case one of them fail." Tubbo says.

Tommy scrunches up his face, "Yeah but being stronger is cooler."

"Aren't you a figure skater? How can you not appreciate agility?" Quackity chimes in, from where he had leaned back in his seat. George nods at this, looking back at Tommy.

Tommy blinks then shrugs at Quackity, "Anyone can be agile, being strong is something you work for and I think that's cool."

"They're both skills you have to adapt, I don't see why you should choose one over the other," George starts, "but if my two cents are worth anything I think the weaving and bobbing looks cooler." He finishes nonchalantly.

That draws a grin out of Tubbo and a snort out of Tommy.

"Of course, YOU would say you like agility more." Quackity says with a scoff.

George looks around at his companions' reactions, genuinely confused. Before it hits him, they were saying Dream was agile and thought that he was just agreeing with agility because of Dream.

George groans, "We aren't even dating yet and you guys are already insufferable."

"Yet." Tubbo points out with a cheeky grin.

George just sputters at a loss for words, "Had it been me or Big Q, you wouldn't have been offended, it would have been expected really, but from Tubbo that's gotta sting man." Tommy says, with an amused face as George still tries to come out with the words. His face starts to red from the effort of trying to think of the right words and Quackity starts laughing at his tomato beat face. They talk all the way through the first period. They talk about a multitude of things all of which make George increasingly sleepy, it's nothing about the company, it's just the emotional rollercoaster he's been through today, so he curls up against Quackity.

"Right, so we have the same rink—" Tubbo starts to say.

"What?" Quackity interrupts. "They let you guys share a rink?"

Tubbo and Tommy look at each other, "Well, yeah that's how figure skating practice usually works?" Tommy says sarcastically.

"Oh," Quackity says, glancing at Tommy, "I thought you were in ice hockey, cuz of you know, your brothers?"

George nods from where he had been curled up on Quackity's side, "Yeah," He says stifling a yawn, "Clay says you practice with them sometimes." George sees Tommy's eyes widen at the use of Dream's real name but he can't really bring himself to care right now. He slips his eyes shut.

He hears Tommy clear his throat, "Uhm yeah, I'm kinda both." George hears shuffling and assumes Tommy lifted his foot or something. "So like I do both, I'm decent at hockey but I wanted to do figure skating too because Tubbo really sold it well."

Tubbo smiles and says "Tommy started late, but he's really good, I think he could even beat you George."

George just sniffs, "Yeah he probably could, he seems really flexible and he seems to have a really good understanding of musical composition and storytelling. He probably flubs his jumps a lot, though."

There's a bit of silence from his companions for a bit, and George can hear the skating and the chatter of the people around them. He blinks open one eye and sees Tubbo and Tommy looking above him, at Quackity's face. Their gazes flicker down to him, when they notice him looking. He closes his eye again and uses Quackity's arm to cover both his eyes.

"Are you always this creepily accurate?" Tubbo says with an even tone.

That draws out a laugh from George, "No, not really, Tommy's just pretty predictable, he's like an open book." He pauses for a bit, pursing his lips, "You however, Tubbo. I don't know what your skating style is, but if I had to guess it'd probably be very jump-y, lots of jumps which is fine. Working on developing your step sequences and your transitions wouldn't hurt though."

"Ok so, George is a witch, we're burning him at the stake." Quackity says, after another pregnant pause.

George giggles and sits up. "Seriously though, if you guys want my help we could like set up a practice session or something."

Tubbo is just staring at him wide-eyed with Tommy beside him opening and closing his mouth. Tommy looks towards Tubbo and he's still shaking as he says, "Yeah sure, uh, we'd love to."

George scoffs, "Why are you guys being so weird, it's cool I'd love to help you guys."

Tubbo just guffaws, “No but we’ve been watching you since your debut- and wow this is just really cool.”

“Can we have your autograph?” Tommy adds on, and George laughs at them.

“Yeah sure, is it finally sinking in that you’re friends with me now?”

Tommy’s grin widens, “I’m friends with George Not Found.” He whispers, before turning to Tubbo and saying much louder, “Tubbo we’re friends with George Not Found.” Tubbo is still shell shocked and not reacting to being violently shook by his friend.

“And me!” Quackity butts in, offended.

George lets out a laugh at Quackity, before he’s handed two napkins and a marker. “We, uh, weren’t kidding about the autographs.”

### **Father Dearest**

1:42 PM

**father i ma abducting drems boyfreind**

Phil furrows his brows down at his phone while it sounded with the notification noise. They were in the middle of the match, and the only one who could possibly text him right now was, Tommy. Phil sighs and opens up the text, readying himself for horrible news, he wouldn’t be surprised if Tommy had threatened to rob another poor food stand worker, when he opens up the text though its something about abducting Dream’s boyfriend? Phil isn’t really following but answers his son anyway.

**Tommy (Son) Innit :)**

1:42 PM

**...Tommy**  
**We’re in the middle of a game...**

*itss a practice game ans u know theyre gonna win anyway*

...  
**What do you mean by “abduct Dream’s boyfriend”?**

*\*Tommy sent a photo\**

*(It’s a selfie of Tommy, doing the .o. face thing he does for his thumbnails and Tubbo smiling next to him. Quackity and George are in the background, Quackity is clinging to George’s middle and George is trying to push Quackity off.)*

**Mmm so you met George in the stands**  
**Did you finally get that autograph or are you going to keep bugging Wilbur for it?**

*\*Tommy sent a photo\**

*(This time instead of the .o. it’s the laughing face and he’s holding up a blurry white paper type thing, with two signatures on it. Quackity and George are still behind him George seems to have accepted that Quackity wasn’t letting go and has his arms crossed while Quackity is just snuggled*

up to George. Half of Tubbo's face is cut out of the picture but he's also holding up the same paper that Tommy is.)

im still going to bug wilbur for nikis :P

Phil hears the sound of a whistle signifying the second break of the game. He sighs and hurriedly types out a response to Tommy.

Ah, ok.

**I'm going to tell Dream about the “abducting his boyfriend” thing right now ok?**

ok

(:

Phil pockets his phone and watches as the team comes barrelling over. They all look exhausted, except for Dream, ironically enough. Dream looks tired but a happy tired, and he just sighs, already knowing how loud the team's gonna be when he tells them. He grins, this is gonna be an interesting last part of the game.

“Well boys guess what?” Phil says, happily the moment the last of the boys are off of the ice.

He gets various murmurs of what back, but he just continues on. “Guess who Tommy just met on the stands?” He says pointedly looking towards Dream.

Dream groans, “Don’t tell me-”

“Yup, he met your boyfriend, Dream.”

“Not my boyfriend.” Dream says, but it’s barely heard over the loud cajoling of his teammates, primarily Sapnap’s raucous laughter. Dream just rubs a hand on his face while the rest of the team starts up with their loud joking.

Phil snaps them back into game mode, and reminds them of their next strategy, all of which the boys sass him back for, saying shit like “We know, Phil.” and “No need to remind us, Phil.”

Phil just smiles a fond smile at his boys, “Ok, whatever, rest up you little shits.” He sees Dream bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“Especially you Mr. Star Player. Don’t think I didn’t see you stay on for an extra minute.”

“Yessir.” is all Dream says, as Phil pushes him towards the bench.

## Chapter End Notes

ok i know its been a while but hey i was kinda crying for four days straight so i hope you guys can forgive me for not getting this out sooner

i started writing this like two weeks ago but I only finished it today so I feel like the vibes are off

but i also really like this chapter, I just really like tommy interacting with George  
aksjdks

about this chapter, uh theres not much to say, george meets tubbo and tommy and theyre little fanboys aksjdsks

he'll probably meet the team next chapter so thats gonna be fun, uhhhh what else oh,

quackity questioning how well he knows george  
i wonder how Dreams taking in the news of Tommy meeting George.....  
also the titles are just gonna get more meme-y from now on kjdjaskd

# Technooooo, seriously!!!!

## Chapter Summary

“You know Tommy isn’t gonna maul him right?” Phil tries.

Dream’s eyes dart over to his.

Phil gives him a half grin. “I know we harp on Tommy for being a chaotic little raccoon but him and Tubbo know how to behave.” Phil takes in a breath as he sees Dream give him a small smile, “Sometimes.” He nudges the blonde’s shoulder and Dream lets out a small laugh at Phil’s comforting presence.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*I'm not being a drama queen- There's no way I'm being a drama queen. Tommy meeting George is just honestly terrifying, ok. Dream hits a goal. He skates around the back of the goal to get back into an optimal position. It's genuinely terrifying to know that THAT is going to be George's first impression of the team. Dream skates around someone, protecting the puck with his body. He forcefully nudges someone away when they get too close. ESPECIALLY with Tubbo there. Tubbo's just gonna enable whatever fucked up shit Tommy wants to do.*

Dream sighs as he feels his legs start to sore, he drops the puck into the goal one more time, and looks up to signal for an individual change. Once he sees Karl up and raring to go, he skates as fast as he can over to the board and hops it. He stares over at the game in front of him, trying to get his head to focus, but his eyes just keep shifting over to where he can hear Tommy's loud laughter, paired with a cackle that he doesn't seem to recognize.

*Probably that guy that jumped George, his brain supplies, You know, the one he looked so happy to see. You sound like a jealous boyfriend what the fuck is going on?*

He stares hard at his hands willing his thoughts to go back to the game, when he feels a hand clap on his back. He knows it's Phil before even looking up and he groans. *How many times has he gotten me in trouble now?*

He looks up at Phil, an apology ready on the tip of his tongue. Phil stares down at him with a smile on his face and the words die in Dream's throat. "Dream, come sit with me?" Phil is smiling, but it isn't the usual kind supportive smile he's seen from the man hundred of times before. It was a different kind of smile and Dream couldn't read and he was scared so he shoots a terrified look at his teammates, then whips his head back and nods at Phil.

He hears Phil chuckle and say "That's a good lad," as he pats him on the back and leads him to the coach's bench. Phil lets him sit while he wanders off to tell the team something or other.

Dream doesn't quite know how to describe the feeling tingling through his bones right now. He feels as though he's in high school again, that time his parents finally caught him after the long chase throughout the neighborhood. They sat him down just like this, they were opposite him as they sat in silence and let him stew in his own guilt. Eventually, the tears started slipping out from the intense emotions rushing through him, his mother had stood and pulled him into a hug. He had sobbed into her stomach, ruining her nice clothes, as she calmly pet his hair, cooing to him,

begging him to never do that again. He remembers the adrenaline, the anxiety and the guilt that haunted him that day, can feel the dread build up as he fears the same emotion might rush out.

He feels Phil sit beside calm and still, quiet. The older man stares at the game in front of him and smiles. He points out a move Karl makes and Dream looks up to watch his friends play. "You see what Karl did over there? He pushed over the guy to his left when he noticed number thirteen coming up from his right. He still got the shot but he would've missed if he realized too late, because of line change."

Dream nods along to that, *Hockey talk, he could do hockey, strategies and shit this is fine. This is easy, predictable.*

Phil glances over at him and smiles, a comfortable one this time. "What would you have done if you had seen them cornering you?"

Dream opens his mouth then closes it once more, *Not so predictable after all.* He tries to visualize the position in front of him, someone coming up to his right, while being blocked to his left, what would he have done? He tries to think back to the available players on the field, what would he have done? "I would've given up the puck to Techno either between the two of them or between the blocker's legs and then I would've acted as a scapegoat and let number thirteen ram me into the wall, because then Techno could definitely get it in, before the line change."

Phil hums, then smiles at him. "See, that's what I like about your playing style." Phil uncrosses his arms and rests them on his knees, all coachly, then continues. "You play smartly, Dream. You're able to analyze the field, formulate the best plan of attack and execute that plan flawlessly all in the span of half a second." Phil taps a finger to Dream's chest, "So why was this one ruling today?"

Phil carefully studies Dream's pinched expression, careful not to let his mask of composure slip. He knows if Dream starts to see his nervousness it'll just cause the blond to be even more nervous than he already was.

Eventually, Dream gives him a half-hearted shrug, though he doesn't look up from where his glare had settled onto the wall diagonal from him. Phil doesn't question it and instead decides the best course of action was to calm his star-player's nerves about Tommy meeting his boyfriend.

"You know Tommy isn't gonna maul him right?" Phil tries. Dream's eyes dart over to his.

Phil gives him a half grin. "I know we harp on Tommy for being a chaotic little raccoon but him and Tubbo know how to behave." Phil takes in a breath as he sees Dream give him a small smile, "Sometimes."

He nudges the blonde's shoulder and Dream lets out a small laugh at Phil's comforting presence.

Phil stands and ruffles his hair. "Well, you stay there and think through whatever's bothering you, I'm going to go tell Techno to move onto the next strategy."

No other words were uttered between them but Dream felt strangely comforted by that strange little encounter. He stares at his feet trying to organize his thoughts and feelings. Why was he being all weird? He was stuck in his head, playing automatically, but why? Was it George? No, not really, he was doing just fine at practice prior to this. Sure, he was a bit more smile-y but he didn't play any different. He was the same, maybe in a better mood, but overall he was just the same player he always was. *So the tiny Mexican dude is getting in your head? Or is it the fact George was so happy to see him? Was it George's smile? Was it because it wasn't you that put that smile there? God, were you always this weirdly possessive? Were you always this jealous?*

He chances a glance in the general direction he heard Tommy's laugh from. He tries to search for George's eyes, and he finds them looking back at him worriedly. Maybe it was the pinched look upon his face or maybe the fact that he had told George he had never sat a game out before, he wasn't sure but he slips George a small smile, hopefully calming him down. He knows it's done its job when the corners of George's mouth twitch up at him. In that moment he suddenly wishes he had his phone.

The blonde boy gets the "I have an idea" face and he suddenly looks around him and eventually finds what he's looking for. He lifts up a phone and points at Tommy. George gives him a questioning look, Dream sighs and types something out on the phone in his hands. Tommy's phone dings and George finally understands what the blonde was getting at. Tommy looks at his phone for a moment, furrowing his brows. He looks up at Dream who was already typing something out again, another text comes in and Tommy sighs. He hands the phone over to George and says, "It's Dream, he's on my dad's phone. He says walk away from us before picking up." George shoots a smile at him, already getting up from his seat.

"Thank you." He says, as he grabs the phone from the teenager.

Tommy barely spares him any attention as his eyes focus back on the game, "Just give it back when you're done."

George walks over to the stairs that led to more seats and then finally picks up the call.

"Hello?" A familiar voice greets him on the other side and a smile blooms onto his face.

"Hi," he says back, trying to tamp down his smile, so he can actually talk.

"Well, aren't you happy to hear me?" Dream says, teasingly.

George immediately drops his smile, and tries (and fails) to school his face into a neutral expression, trying to push his neutral expression into his voice. "Whatever do you mean?"

George can practically hear Dream picking at his pants, "Oh, I don't know? Maybe it's the fact that I can see your dumb expressions through the glass you're leaning on. Look up, babe."

The Brit probably looks shell shocked as he looks up to see the blond looking straight at him, because he can hear the nuisance start to chuckle and laugh into his ear. He watches as Dream doubles over and slaps the bench in time with the heavy palm hitting the plastic he hears. He rolls his eyes at the idiot in front of him and says, "I'm going to hang up."

Dream looks up at him and says, "No, you're not." through his giggles.

"This is gaslighting," George says with another scoff that just sends Dream into another fit of wheezing laugh. George pulls the phone from his ear and draws one of his eyebrows up. Dream immediately tries to sober up as he yells out a, "No."

George puts the phone back on his ear and motions at Dream to get on with whatever he was getting at.

"Oh, uhm. I just, kinda, wanted to talk to you." He trails off at the end as he scuffs his foot down onto the floor. He looks so bashful as compared to how he was literally laughing his ass off a few seconds ago. It kind makes George laugh, how absurdly like an awkward child he is sometimes.

"You know," George says, giving Dream some slack, "You remind me of a kid or maybe a puppy sometimes."

Dream lifts his head and tilts it, "Really?"

The whole affair really just makes George laugh because "You literally just proved my point!"

Dream smiles at George's giggles, and they just stand there and look at each other for a bit, Dream admiring George's soft giggles and George just trying to calm down and speak.

"So why are you on the bench?" George asks with a comforting smile, trying to pull Dream into the comfy space they've unknowingly created with a solid glass pane separating them.

"Ah, well, ya know," Dream says nonchalantly, waving his hand around. "I was too busy thinking of a certain cute Brit who just so happened to meet the little gremlin I wanted to keep him from."

"Oh were you now?" George says coyly.

"Oh yeah, I was, and Coach noticed and called me out for it." Dream says in the exact same tone.

"Mmm, so you're stuck on the bench because you're too distracted to play?"

Dream nods, "Sorry."

"What? Why are you apologizing?" George is absolutely baffled, that came out of nowhere.

"I dragged you here to sit and watch, even though you could be spending your time elsewhere and here I am on the bench too distracted to play anyway." Dream says solemnly, "Sorry."

George furrows his brows at the absolutely absurd way of thinking the man before him has. "You truly are a unique one arent you?"

"Uhm, what?"

"You're an absolute idiot. It astonishes me." Dream looks up at him incredibly confused, so George continues on his tirade. "You really think I would've come here if I didn't want to? It's not like you forced me into your car, quite the opposite really, and besides, it's not your responsibility that I have fun now is it?"

"Well no but-" George cuts him off.

"Don't say it's your responsibility 'because you invited me.' I came because I wanted to." George sighs, and looks directly into the blond's eyes. "Look, I have no fucking clue how hockey works and I kinda expected not to have the best time," His eyes shift away from the beautiful caramel ones staring down at him. His brain reminds him that they're emerald and not caramel but he thinks they're pretty either way. (Go oN SAY IT! SAY IT!!! SAY U ONLY THINK THEYRE PRETTY BECAUSE THEYRE DREAMS EYES GO ON I DARE YOU WHITE BOY!!) "But I came with you either way because I wanted to spend some time with you." He looks back up to see the caramel orbs sparkling, and he feels a bit breathless at the sight before asking, "Is that ok?"

Dream looks awestruck like he'd just been given the moon, stars and the power to arrange them however he pleased. He looks so incredibly beautiful that George can't help but stare at him, despite the loud wailing circling through his brain, he stays and stares and waits for a response from Dream.

"Of course it's ok." Dream says so incredibly softly into the phone. He's cradling it so gently that if there wasn't a glass pane between them George would've smashed the phone and taken its place. "I love spending time with you."

He says it so earnestly, so honestly that George can't help but grin at the words, despite the ache in his heavy heart. He grins because Dream grins back and maybe just maybe if he sticks around this ball of sunshine for long enough, he can melt away the deep, dark, cold loneliness that runs through his veins.

"Good, because both Tommy and Tubbo have both basically adopted me as their cousin or something." He changes the subject to something more light-hearted before he can spill all of those dreadful feelings into words that don't need to be said right now.

"Ah, using the children to stay? That's a pretty dirty move George." Dream says, as he crosses his legs.

George scoffs, "It's not my fault! They just kinda imprinted on me and now they're dragging me and Quackity to a practice session."

"Quackity?"

And suddenly George is once again pleasantly reminded that Dream doesn't know about him.

"Quackity's the guy who jumped me a while ago. The one you were glaring at?" George says, smiling at Dream's dumbfounded expression. "Yeah, I saw that."

He decides to talk over the sputtering happening on the other line, "Quackity's my best friend, been skating with me for forever. He's been with me through every competition." Well, that's not a lie, he was there...

He watches Dream's face fall. "Oh so you've known him since you were kids?"

George watches his face carefully as he nods, "Yeah, he's like an annoying little brother that I just couldn't shake off."

Dream immediately perks up at that and George knows why, but he won't say anything for the sake of Dream's pride. Which reminds him, "Dream, Tommy and Tubbo ate your food."

"Aww what?"

"Yeah they got hungry and insisted you would be fine with it."

"Mmm, I am fine with it. They probably knew Coach is planning on dragging us to the school gym after this."

George groans, "More having to wait for your ass?"

Dream chuckles, "No, I don't think we'll actually get any practice done, not with both Tommy and Tubbo there."

"So what you guys are just gonna hang out at the gym?" He sees Dream nod. "Is that even allowed?"

Dream shrugs, "I don't know actually. We've always just done it after games so Tommy and Tubbo can get their energy out after waiting for us for hours."

George hums, "You think I can join them?"

"You brought your skates?"

"Snuck them into your bag."

"No you didn't- I didn't see- How would you even- You know what I'm not gonna ask."

George laughs at his stumbling sentence, "I snuck them into your bag then snuck them out when I went to put your food in the back, that's why you didn't see them."

Dream raises his brows from their furrowed position, "You're sneaky enough to be a little thief, you know that?"

George nods at him, "I've stolen Quackity's phone hundreds of times before and he only noticed when I pointed it out."

"Oh my god, you're actually a psycho!"

"I'm the psycho? You're the psycho! You're the one who chased me around a rink calling out my name like you were going to murder me!!!"

Dream starts wheezing at George's affronted face. "To be fair it was funny."

"It wasn't funny I thought I was going to be murdered!"

Dream tilts his head over to the bench, "You should try playing against Sapnap. He would use every trick in the book to get to you."

"He's dumb, he doesn't know how to read, he doesn't even have the book."

"You're ridiculous."

"Yeah I'm ridiculous but you managed to spend the two periods chatting to me." Dream looks up to see the players on the ice shaking hands. "Oh."

"Yeah, oh. Bye Dream." George smiles a sweet little smile before waving and hanging up. He started to walk back to where he left Quackity, Tubbo and Tommy, turning around and going on his tippy toes to see above the sea of people, Dream just watches him from behind because the fact remains, figure skaters have nice assets.

Dream is finally snapped out of his staring match with the glass pane that once housed a pretty boy, when someone physically claps him on the shoulder. He jolts at the arm on his shoulder and his eyes trail up to see this person's face. It was Techno looking at him concerned, "Dream if you're really staring at a glass pane lovingly, you might have worse issues than I thought you did." Dream shoves off Techno's hand and stands up, "Shut up."

He follows behind Techno, silent all the while. Dream knows Techno can be talkative if he wants to, he was there for the entirety of Techno's Greek mythology obsession of course, he knows this, but even after all their years together Dream still can't quite differentiate between Techno's silences. They could be for a multitude of reasons and Dream couldn't even begin to dissect what this particular silence could mean, so he does what he's always done and fills up the silence.

"Techno."

"Mm?"

"Did you know you were my sexual awakening?"

Techno pauses and looks back at him with a blank stare, "Dream, you know you're my friend, some would even say my best friend but where the everloving fuck did that come from?" Dream

gives him a little awkward laugh, “I don’t know. Was just thinking back to when we were teenagers.”

“Mm, why?”

Dream shrugs, before a cheeky smile splits across his face. “I think it was because of that year you decided to dress exclusively in pirate clothing. I could admire your ass everyday in those leather pants.”

Techno shoves him, hard enough to make him stumble. “You’re disgusting,” Dream laughs fills Techno’s ears, and they can ignore the blatant way Dream avoided Techno’s question.

“Seriously, though where did those things go?”

“Burned them when I realized you were staring at me for way too long.”

“Technooo.” Dream whines, “Seriously!”

Techno sighs, “They’re in the back of my closet.”

“Do you think you can-”

“Why are you so obsessed with asses? I think this could be another mental illness.”

Dream rolls his eyes, “If we’re talking about an obsession we’ve got to call Wilbur out on his obsession with pecs.”

Techno’s face scrunches up in disgust, “We are not gonna talk about my brother’s preferences, that is absolutely disgusting, I refuse.”

They walk into the lockers and scattered conversation filter in around them, they turn to their lockers and start rummaging through their bags.

“When did you realize you were ace?” Dream asks, and Techno thinks back on it. He was pretty sure that he had already told Dream this but he isn’t quite sure, so he decides there’s no harm in telling him again.

“When you started looking at me like you wanted to eat me.” He says quite bluntly, “I never really understood when you guys would talk about wanting to have sex with someone, it was all a weird concept to me. I could understand looking at someone and thinking they were beautiful and appreciating that, but I couldn’t really picture myself with anyone in a sexual way.” Techno closes his locker and looks Dream in the eye. “It only really solidified when you started looking at me like you wanted to maul me, and I looked into it and found out what to call it.”

Dream then looks down at his now bare feet, “Did it ever, you know? Make you uncomfortable?” Techno raises a brow, “Me liking you in that way?” Dream clarifies, still not making direct eye contact.

Techno karate chops him in the stomach, hard enough to make Dream double over and look up at him, “No,” he says clearly enough for Dream to take in the message without even uttering other words. Techno then walks away to the shower leaving Dream to internalize his words further.

While Dream was in the locker room trying to internalize the fact that nobody hates him for having feelings, George was on the other side of the rink trying to find the three gremlins he was just with.

“C’mon, c’mon, c’mon.” He says as he presses his own phone to his ear. Quackity’s voicemail greets him on the other side, he hangs up and stands on his tiptoes trying to find the little shits.

“Fucking extroverts, Jesus Christ. Where the fuck are you guys?!” He whispers to himself. He starts walking around the rink, before an idea pops into his head and he ascends the stairs to get a better vantage point. He sees Tommy’s head pop out from the crowd and silently thanks the gods that at least one of them is tall. He quickly made his way down the stairs and starts making his way towards the lobby, where he saw Tommy’s head going. As he’s walking he stumbles and feels someone catch his arm. He turns back to thank the person and ok that’s Schlatt. Schlatt seems just as surprised to see him but quickly covers it up with a dumb smirk that wasn’t nearly as attractive as Dream’s smirk.

“Schlatt.” He greets curtly.

“Nice to see you too, George.”

## Chapter End Notes

can u tell idk anything about hockey?  
happy dre because gog isn’t dating quack  
its my head canon that tommy and tubbo just randomly steal people’s food. and now  
that they also have quackity he probably does too  
techno ace pog!!!! i am ~projecting~ (seriously though im gonna flesh out that whole  
techno being dream’s sexual awakening thing later i think that’s interesting but lmk if  
yall dont like it)  
monsieur schlatt?????  
uhhh this was supposed to be longer+done earlier but then uhhh dream distracted me  
(seriously roadtrip issa bop and the fucking manhunt?!?! this months been so chaotic  
already)  
i know i’ve been saying team meeting for like ten chapters now aksdjskaj but yes its  
coming up we’re going to see it... eventually.  
thats all i think askdjaskjd hope you guys enjoyed this one <33333

# gEORGE I JUST WANNA TALK TO THE HOT HOCKEY PLAYER AND HIS PRETTY BOYFRIEND FOR LONGER PLEASE

## Chapter Summary

george talks with schlatt, quackity like "mrmmr i hate schlatt george come talk to me in the corner abt how much i hate schlatt" but really he saw karlnap and is falling, george says he'll introduce them, quack says no, george goes to do it anyway, quack spots dre and somehow??? gets dre to distract george so that he can talk to karlnap alone. george and dream walk round for a bit, concerned! schlatt then uhh dnf get drinks and be gay.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Didn't expect to see you here, visiting Quackity then?" Schlatt says casually as they walk around the rink, towards the lobby.

"Kinda?" George says, refusing to make direct eye contact with Schlatt.

"What do you mean kinda?"

George waves his hand around, trying to brush it off as nonchalant, "Oh well, you know it's been an eventful twenty-four hours."

"Do tell what might be interesting for Mr. Gogy." Schlatt says, raising a brow.

"Oh you know," George says, again going for casual, "My apartment got broken into this morning."

"Jesus Christ! Did you call the cops?"

"Well it was a hot guy so..."

"George, I know I'm your best friend's ex and it's really none of my business but please tell me you did NOT sleep with the guy who broke into your house."

George finally drops the nonchalant act and starts laughing at Schlatt's reaction. He can feel Schlatt punch his arm as he's still doubled over laughing.

"You're a prick, you know that? I was actually worried." He can hear Schlatt say.

George starts to wipe the tears pooling in his eyes, "No, I was actually broken into this morning, the dude was just nice enough to change the locks after."

"Is this a bit? Is that it? Is Quackity gonna come out and jump me with a camera or whatever?"

George decides to switch tactics since Schlatt obviously wasn't gonna believe him, "You know that guy you were playing against?"

"I don't know, George. You're gonna have to be more specific than that, I was kinda playing against a whole hockey team back there."

George rolls his eyes at the sarcasm lacing Schlatt's tone, "Tall, Blonde, Number Twelve, Got benched half-way through the second period."

"Oh, Dream?" Schlatt says instantly.

"Wha- You know him by name?"

"Well yeah, we play against them pretty frequently, whatever, what is this about Dream?"

"He's the dude who broke into mine this morning."

"The fuck?!" Schlatt looks at hims incredulously, "I'm not that close with the dude but he would really do that?"

George just solemnly nods, he's decided fucking with Schlatt was fun.

"Man, he's insane on the ice, but I didn't think he would actually be psychopathic off of the ice too."

By this point, they'd reached the archway connecting the rink to the lobby, Quackity runs up to them and George silently thanks the gods because one he knows Quackity seeing Schlatt is always gonna be a treat and a half, and two because he doesn't actually know how much longer he could keep his straight face.

"Geor- Schlatt??" Quackity's face morphed from a grin to shock to annoyance and George loves how dumbly expressive Quackity always is. He expresses this by laughing at his best friend. He barely notices the rest of the hockey team talking with Tommy and Tubbo right behind the shorter skater, from his bent over state.

When he calms down enough to stop being bent over and laughing at Quackity's dumb reactions, he finally notices a familiar tall brunette on the team. Apparently Schlatt also seems to recognize him, as they say "Wilbur!" with matching grins. The taller Brit greets them with a smile and a small wave, before going back to his conversation with Tommy. Quackity gives them both an even more scrutinizing gaze.

"What the fuck? How do YOU know him George?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you about meeting Niki at the rink? She was with Wilbur, I think they were on a date or something."

Schlatt answers instead of Quackity, "Oh no, Niki and Wilbur aren't dating, Wilbur's just a fucking simp."

"Oh aren't they? Do you think they're ever gonna get together?"

"Maybe, if Wilbur accepts the-"

"Hold on a goddamn second." Quackity interrupts, "You," he points to George, "didn't tell me anything about meeting up with Niki, you little whore, and you," he shifts his gaze to Schlatt, "never told me you were friendly with George. What is going on here?"

Schlatt and George glance at each other before looking back at Quackity. George raises a brow at

his best friend then responds, “Well how do you think we dealt with you all the time?”

“Wait so you guys actually sPOKE while me and Schlatt were dating?” Quackity furrows his brows, “I thought you guys hated each other.”

Schlatt shrugs, “Appearances I guess.”

“Don’t talk I’m still upset over that shit you pulled.” The shortest among the three briefly addresses the one still donning their campus colours.

“I proposed to you in a restaurant!”

“I was nineteen!” He yells out, “I was in law school, and making my senior debut as a figure skater did you really think I was gonna say yes?” He deadpans, then turns away from him to grab George’s bicep. “Shut up, I’m not done ripping Goerge a new one.”

“Quackity! Just because he’s your ex doesn’t mean I can’t be civil with him.” George protests, already being dragged away from Schlatt into the corner.

Quackity has barely dragged them into the corner before he’s already rambling on about something. “George what did you say to him, please I just saw this cute guy on your team, two actually, and I have to make sure he isn’t gonna fuck this up for me because I know Wilbur’s gonna fucking invite him to the ritual rink thing because he always does and-”

“Calm down and let go of my arm first.” Quackity loosens his grip on George’s bicep but he doesn’t let go completely, George takes a deep breath and urges Quackity to breathe with him. “Ok, now, what’s wrong?”

Quackity shakily points over to where a certain ravenette was standing with a brunette in a bright multi-coloured hoodie, “They’re cute.” He squeaks out, then buries his head in George’s back, when the taller skater turns to look. Sapnap still had his bandana wrapped around his forehead, smiling down at a smaller brunette, who George recognized as the one that subbed in for Dream a while ago, was practically jumping up and down with a giant smile on his face. “Mmm, The one in the bandana is Sapnap, I don’t know who he’s talking to but I’m pretty sure he’s Dream’s substitute or whatever they’re called.” He pauses and peers down at Quackity, “I thought you were done with hockey players?”

Quackity glared up at him, and grumbles something that sounds a lot like angry Spanish cursing, George just smiles at his friend and tries to walk over to where Sapnap’s standing. Quackity scrambles to grab a hold of George’s waist, “Nonono, what are you doing?”

George doesn’t look back at him, doesn’t even pause. “Going to go introduce you to Sapnap.”

“Oh, nonnononononono George! I’ll talk to them! I’ll talk to them by myself, stop! STOP!!!!” Quackity digs his heels into the floor trying to weigh George down, but the Brit doesn’t pay him any mind and powers through on his way to introduce Quackity to Sapnap and whoever his friend was.

Quackity silently curses George’s slim figure, tricking people into believing he’s weak and helpless because this bitch is strong. Quackity looks around him in a panic, trying to find some way to stop George from talking to the two cute hockey players, he spotted across the lobby. He spots a blond tuft of hair, coming from the hallway that led to the lockers, and without even thinking books it. The loss of Quackity’s weight on him, causes George to stumble forward. He sees Quackity running off somewhere and decides it’s just Quackity being nervous, so he continues

on his way, figuring Quackity would make his way back, eventually. It is his campus after all.

“Sapnap!” George calls out to the boy in the bandana. Sapnap snaps his head to where his name was being called, George can see the way his eyes light up when he recognizes the Brit calling out to him. He whispers something to the brunette in the brightly coloured hoodie, then waves George over. George walks over. As he does, a body slams into his. *Second time today, Gog, you’re on a roll.*

*Please, shut up. No one asked for your input.*

He squeezes his eyes shut and braces himself for the fall, but it never comes. He pops open his eye and looks towards the floor still beneath him, slightly tilted. He then glances around before registering there is actually someone gripping his waist tightly and *Oh. Those are big hands.* His gaze trails up to whoever’s shoulder that was holding him and sees a familiar smiling face. “Oh,” slips out of his mouth without him consciously willing it to.

Dream’s hair was still slightly wet and falling all over the place. He was wearing a shirt that looked to be two sizes too small, it really was doing wonders for George’s fantasies. He had his stupid fucking grin on and George really did feel like he was floating, though Dream had already set him down. Dream’s hands were still on George’s waist holding him close as he gave the Brit a softer smile. “Hi.”

George slaps him in response.

“Ow, What was that for?” Dream says, hands immediately letting go of the brunette’s waist and flying to his quickly reddening cheek. George was left staring wide-eyed, cradling his hand because oW HIS JAW IS SHARP.

*You’re really pretty, and I wanna kiss you.*

*IDIOT DON’T SAY THAT SAY uh say? Mmm say...he scared you!*

*YEAH HE SCARED YOU, FORCE OF HABIT.*

“You scared me!” George blurts out, “I thought you were someone else so I slapped you out of habit, sorry.” He looks down blatantly avoiding Dream’s questioning gaze.

*Mmmm yes so believable that’s why you stared at him for a whole minute before slapping him good job George, he definitely won’t catch that lie-*

“You don’t like being scared?” He says in a lilting tone. George’s eyebrows raise. *He went with it? Uhh whatever nOD!!!!*

He gives Dream a small nod of his head, the blonde smiles and nods in response, “Were you going to go talk to Sapnap?” George stands up on his tiptoes and peeks over Dream’s shoulder. He sees Quackity looking down at his hands talking to Sapnap and the hoodie donned boy. He smiles and pulls Dream away.

“Yeah, but he looks occupied right now. Let’s go somewhere else.” Dream glances behind him. “Oh, oh, ok. Let us go, my liege?” He offers out his elbow for George to grab. The Brit giggles and loops his hand into it as Dream leads him away. “Have you met Wilbur, yet?”

“Oh yeah I have, at the rink, before we met Sap.”

“Yeah?”

“He was there with one of my skater friends.”

“‘Skater friend,’ makes it sound much cooler than it is.”

“What do you mean? Figure skating’s cool ya dip.” George says flicking Dream’s nose.

“God, you really need to stop talking to Sap so much”

They’re interrupted by a tap on Dream’s shoulder. They turn and see Schlatt peeking out from behind Wilbur.

“Oh, Wilbur! We were just talking about you.” Dream says to the taller Brit with a smile.

“Mm, yeah, Schlatt just told me something ridiculous about you breaking into George’s house? And wanted me to check if you guys were ok?” Wilbur said glancing over worriedly at George. Dream gives the brunette beside him a quick side glance, George just gives him an amused smirk back. Dream rolls his eyes and says, “I technically did, he texted me last night being all weird. I panicked and drove over to his place, and had to break open the lock. I got there, and he was fine, so I replaced his locks and stayed the night.”

“Oh so it’s fine, everything’s good?” Wilbur says, lifting a brow.

George gives him a nod and waves at Schlatt with a smile, “Yes, everything’s fine! Thanks for worrying, Schlatt!” He tucks on as Wilbur goes to leave with Schlatt, Schlatt gives him a stiff nod in return, warily watching Dream.

When they leave, George immediately lets a giggle slip past his lips.

“How do you know Schlatt?” Dream asks from his side. They make their way over to the little booth selling drinks and snacks.

“Oooh full of questions aren’t we?” George says with an eyebrow lift, “Well, if you must know, he’s Quackity’s ex.” He says as the seller handed over two giant cups of whatever the fuck Dream ordered, to the blonde.

“Ram shit got a boyfriend he never told me about what the fuck????” He says, offering out his elbow for George to grab again.

“No, I’m pretty sure Quack’s gone to a few of your guys’ weird little ritual party thing.” George grabs a hold of Dream’s elbow and begins walking around with him again, “Pretty sure he’s invited me to come, a couple times, actually.”

“And you never went because?” Dream glances down at him and George almost tells those eyes his entire life story.

He instead looks down, away from those eyes and shrugs. “Always been too busy.”

*Again, technically isn’t a lie.*

*Quick change the subject.*

“My turn to ask the questions.” George says, pulling Dream across the lobby towards the seats, to get out of the crowd they were wandering around in.

“What is this? 21 Questions?” He says as he’s shoved into a seat across from George.

“I said I’M asking the questions.” The brunette repeats settling into his seat.

“Ok, ok. Settle down, feisty kitty.” The blonde says with a smirk playing on his lips, as he sets down a cup in front of George.

“Shut up,” George says rolling his eyes, despite the small smile playing on his own lips. His eyes

settle on Dream's still amused face, he points a finger and says, "Why don't you know Quackity?"

Dream's eyes furrow, "What do you mean?"

"Schlatt told me that you guys play them regularly? Or is he just a lying prick?" Dream lets out a hefty chuckle at that.

"I mean he IS a prick but yeah we do regularly play them. I've just never seen Quackity before. Whenever Schlatt came to the after party things, he was always alone or bummed a ride with Wilbur. Maybe Quackity came with them but I wasn't on the team yet?"

"Maybe. They did break up a year and a half ago." George says, already taking a small sip of his drink. However the moment the cool liquid touched the tip of his tongue, he immediately regretted the action. He looked up at Dream's face with a scrunched one of his own, trying to signal to get something he could spit into.

Dream panicked at the pinched look on George's face, and begun to rush around the small seating area for tissues. He found some by the cashier and rushed them over to George. He gave George the napkins and George immediately cupped his mouth with them and spat.

"What the fuck is that?" The Brit said, tissue still on his tongue, causing the sentence to sound more like "Wa da fc is da?"

"It's root beer? Are you allergic or something?" Dream replied, already grabbing the cup away from George.

"No- ith tath-" George removed the tissues from his mouth and tried again, "It tastes horrible, who would willingly drink that?" He sticks his tongue out with a gag and Dream starts laughing at his pain.

"George, it's just root beer!" He exclaims between laughs.

George rolls his eyes at the dumb American still laughing his ass off. "Yeah, I've never had it before it tastes disgusting."

He huffs and pokes Dream's cheek, "Get me something new."

Dream slaps his hand away and argues, "I already bought you this one if you're not gonna drink it then fine, but I'm not buying you another drink, George." He takes a sip from his own cup, as George pouts and refuses to look him in the face. The Brit sighs and slouches further in his chair looking longingly at other peoples' drinks. George knows it's working when he feels the guilty stare the blond gives him.

"Georgie don't be like that, you can get your own drink." George spares him a glance then scoffs and looks away, facing his body ninety degrees away from Dream's. He hears Dream huff and stand up,

"Fine, I'll get you another dumb drink."

George beams at him and sits back up in his chair. He sees Dream huff out another breath as he stands to go get the drink he promised, glaring at George, sitting pretty at their table all the while.

When Dream turns to talk to the cashier, George pulls out his phone because what else is he gonna do? Stare at Dream the entire while and look like a creep, no thanks. He feels a body slump next to his own and a familiar beanie is suddenly in his face.

"I see you're still putting your pretty privilege to good use." Quackity says, hooking his arm around George's neck.

"I see you're done sucking dick. How was Sapnap? As musty as he seems?" George responds without missing a beat.

"Fuck off," Quackity shoves the taller skater with a smile on his face and a roll of his eyes, and they can forget that they're any older than they were when they first spoke.

Quackity worries his bottom lip between his teeth, "It's Karl by the way."

"The one in the bright hoodie?" George says lifting a brow still not taking his eyes off of his phone. Quackity nods knowing George could see him in his peripheral, the older of the two hums in acknowledgement.

"I'm riding on the bus." Quackity tries to slip in casually but of course George doesn't even look up, having seemingly predicted this situation.

"Ok, who's gonna drive you home?" Dream returns by this point with a much nicer drink than before. George finally glances up with a smile and a thanks. Quackity is just sitting there quiet all the while.

"That's what I thought, you can't come."

"Shut up, you're not my mom."

"Yeah, but you were planning on crashing at mine, weren't you?" Again he's met with silence on Quackity's end.

"gEORGE JUST LET ME STAY AT YOURS I WANNA TALK TO THE HOT HOCKEY PLAYER AND HIS PRETTY BOYFRIEND FOR LONGER PLEASE!!!!!"

George just sighs, flicking his eyes up to meet Dream's. Dream was just amusedly staring at the duo arguing, George sends him a look that has the blond hiding a smile into his cup. "Quackity, you can't stay at my place."

"Why are you gonna get dicked down by Dream?" The man in question nearly chokes on his drink, George just sighs again.

"No, but he is staying over." George says pointedly looking over to the now coughing man.

"I am?" Dream says, in between coughs. He really just reminds George of an overgrown puppy who was just promised a treat.

George nods to him with the same fondness, "You are."

"Stop rubbing your happiness in my face and just let me stay at yours." Quackity whines still clinging onto George.

"I already said you can't stay at mine."

"So you're kicking me to the streets? George, you're such a bastard. Some best friend you are."

"I didn't say streets Quackity I just said you couldn't stay at mine." He pointedly looks over at the duo who were now talking to the other players George still wasn't familiar with. George knows it finally clicks when Quackity hits him in the arm, "nO NO I JUST MET THEM TODAY I'M NOT

LIKE YOU I DON'T HAVE PRETTY PRIVILEGE."

"Excuse you-"

Their bickering is interrupted by the coach calling the players together. Both Quackity and George look over to where the players are gathered all of them intently listening to their coach, there were a couple murmurs before they broke off into split groups again. Quackity shoots George a questioning glance, George just shrugs it off.

When Dream gets back to the table he has a solemn look on his face and immediately answers George's pointedly questioning look. "The thing at the school rink is still going on. We can't use it as a hangout spot, we might just go to the pizza hut or something." He grabs George's old drink and places it in front of Quackity. "It's rootbeer. George didn't want it and I'm not finishing two giant cups of rootbeer."

He presses a light kiss to the top of George's head, it was almost like it was out of habit, (Don't ask George where the habit was formed; they'd never done that before.) and says, "I'll just grab my stuff and then we'll pile into the car, ok?"

George nods and Quackity stares at the two of them, quietly sipping at his rootbeer. Dream walks off and George goes tomato red, as if he had only just processed the events. Quackity can practically see the poof of smoke coming out of George's ears at the embarrassment.

Quackity pokes his cheek and George buries his face into his hands, "See? He just- UGHH"

Quackity nods his head solemnly and says, "Can I stay at yours?"

George suddenly stands up, nearly knocking his friend out of his own chair. "Jesus Christ, Georg- Where are you- fuckin' hell- George!"

#### Chapter End Notes

hello happy white day!! \*slaps hand over the calendar\*

yes im late, again i know, its because i was trying to finish the smut shot at the same time as this and i just eventually gave up, the smut shot will be up... some time in the future ill announce it on my twitter dw.

also ignore the fact that i changed sapsnaps hair color, hes now raven because yes. idrk what else to say abt this, its just a bunch of set up for the next chapter where i finally get george to meet the team aksjsks

ALSO ALSO before i leave im deleting the valentines special and reposting it with the smut shot later so everythings more organized!

## Gogy?

### Chapter Summary

“Geoooooorge,” Dream whines, running a hand down his face.

“So now, Tommy and Tubbo are riding with us? Surprise?” George finishes, and Tommy and Tubbo come bounding over.

Dream covers his face with his hands, “Nooooooooooooo!”

“But Dream I already said yes, please? Just this once?” George says, looking up at Dream through his lashes.

And you see, this was all really Dream’s fault because he peeked out to look at George’s face. He could’ve just said no, he could’ve just let the teenagers ride on the bus, or with Wilbur and Schlatt, but nOOOO he just had to peek out of his finger fort and see George’s big pleading eyes, and pouty mouth and-

That’s how Dream ends up with two obnoxiously loud teenagers in the backseat of his car.

### Chapter Notes

HI FUCKERS IM BACKKKKKKKKK DIDYA MISS ME?????????

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was angrily marching towards the group of hockey players like his life depended on it. Maybe his life did depend on it, Quackity didn’t know. What Quackity does know is people should really stop underestimating how fucking strong this man is. His legs are so fucking strong and he walks so fucking fast what the fuck. He was also on the phone, but Quackity only heard the tail end of that conversation because he was too busy trying not to fall for the first half of it.

“Thanks, Minx. I definitely owe you one- Ugh you know what I mean! Bye.” George said into his phone, and he really reminded Quackity of one of those rich moms that had nothing else to do with their lives and were way too involved in their children’s lives. Comparison aside, he at least knew who and why George called now, he was still lost as to why this little shit was marching towards the hockey players.

“George, why are you angrily marching towards the hockey players like you’re about to ask them if you can murder the bubble-headed blonde himbo?” He says, as he stumbled after his friend.

“I’m gonna talk to the coach.” He said still marching his way to where the general populous of hockey players were. At least, Quackity assumed they were hockey players because they were talking with both Karl and Sapnap, so they were probably teammates right? Which reminds him.

“Will helping you talk to the coach up the chances of me getting to stay at your place?” George groaned and grabbed Quackity’s wrist. They were still walking in the same direction so Quackity isn’t entirely sure why George did that.

"Wait, that hurts, George, I will yell, I swear to god, I will-" He finally gets his answer when George calls out to a certain raven. "Hey Sapnap!"

Sapnap looks over at him and George, and Quackity's legs go all jelly when the raven's navy blue eyes light up in recognition. He shoots them both a grin and it's the stereotypical grin that a highschool jock would send over to his lover to which his lover would swoon. Quackity knows it's cliche, overdone, but it seems his heart didn't get the memo. He seems to forget why he didn't wanna be in this situation in the first place. A conversation with this really hot guy, and his best friend right next to him holding him so he doesn't fall, seems like a great idea to Quackity, bar the fact that he can't get his brain to work right now. The stupid romcom plot has his blood thrumming through his veins and he finds that he doesn't really mind.

"What's up, George?" Sapnap nods towards him, "Quackity."

He nods back and doesn't know what to do so he just kinda hides behind George's grip on his arm. He's more thankful for George's presence now, because the Brit can handle the conversation while Quackity tries to get his heart to remember how to pump blood.

"Well, Mr. Sapnap," George says with a bright shit-eating grin, "Quackity doesn't have a place to stay tonight and we were wondering if he could stay over at yours?" Quackity takes back everything he just said, he absolutely hates Georgenotfound with every fiber of his being.

Sapnap furrows his brows in confusion, "Can't he stay at yours?"

Quackity's urges to kiss Sapnap double. "See, Sapnap gets it! He's smart!"

He's pretty sure he hears Sapnap chuckle at that, but Quackity wouldn't know, he's pointedly looking away from the Texan. He doesn't wanna do anything irrational to a man who already has a boyfriend.

"I already told you Dream's coming over," comes George's predictably pouty response.

"Like I said, if he's not dicking you down, why are you so opposed to me staying over?"

George shifts his eyes over to Sapnap, who raises one of his brows and says, "No, no he has a point."

George sighs and gives Quackity a pointed look, *Don't you wanna get dicked down too?*

Quackity raises his brows, *So you admit you guys are fucking?*

George furrows his own brows, *Not the point.* He then lifts one and subtly tilts his head towards Sapnap. *You like them don't you?*

Quackity sighs, and George rolls his eyes, *And we're not fucking.*

Quackity rolls his own eyes, *Yet.*

They turn back to Sapnap to find the raven looking disturbed at them, "What the fuck was that?"

"Hmm, nothing!" Gogy immediately says, "I need to go talk to your coach, have fun talking this out bye!"

The brunette sprints over to where he saw an older blond that looked similar enough to Tommy to be his dad. It's not that George doesn't want to "help" Quackity talk to Sapnap, it's just that Dream

could come back at any moment and stop him from doing this really nice thing for him, and George really wants to do this really nice thing for Dream, as both an apology and a thank you. An apology for the things he hasn't told the blond yet, and a thank you for all the shit the hockey player has done for him. All of the, absolutely, wonderful things Dream has done for him.

Always brightening his day and putting a smile on his face counts for something, right? And the breakfast and the locks this morning definitely count, even though they were technically the blonds own fault and uhm- Ok so maybe George doesn't actually have a sound reason for this other than Dream looked very sad when he told them about not being able to hang at the rink, and George wants the pretty smile back so- Oh! Would you look at that? You're right next to the coach, no more trying to rationalize backing out now!

He taps onto the dark green clad shoulder. "Uhm, excuse me? Are you the coach?" He watches as the tall, very tall, blond man turns around to face him. Tommy's dad was very intimidating and George could definitely see where the kid gets his height. The man seems to look him up and down before a smile blooms on his face, "What's up mate? You're George right?"

Right behind the man were a bunch of other, also very tall, hockey players only one of which he recognized.

"Gogy!" Tommy yelled out, from behind his father. "Come join us, we're trying to decide where to go." When George gives him a pained smile, Tommy probably realizes that half of them don't even know who he is.

"Oh, where are my manners, let me introduce you," He points towards a shorter (relative to the rest of his team, he was still taller than George) redhead in a black jacket, "That's Fundy, he's a furry, don't tell anyone." He tacks on at the end, like it was quiet enough for only George to hear it. Fundy just rolls his eyes at Tommy and gives George a small wave, George smiles and waves back.

Tommy then points to a platinum blonde, wearing a white hoodie, "That's Punz, he's a dickhead and I hate him."

"Fuck off, Tommy." Punz immediately says, but shoots George a smile. "Nice to meet you man."

George tries to smile back before his eyes are led to a couple by the teen's gesturing. He isn't quite sure if they're a couple he just kind of assumes they are, as the taller is resting his head onto the other's shoulder with his arms wound around the shorter's torso. Tommy points to the shorter one with darker skin and pastel blue hair, "That's Ponk, he likes lemons." Then to the one with a gas mask on, "That's Sam, he likes Ponk, and he's really cool and plays Animal Crossing with me!"

Ponk greets him with a smile while Sam attacks Tommy's side with tickles, which causes the teen to let out a yelp and sprint behind a tall figure in a deer onesie.

George manages to squeak out a "Hi." back, before Tommy is patting the shoulders of the tall (very tall, and scary) brunet in front of him, "And this is Callahan. He doesn't talk much but he's the best!" Callahan gives him a small warm smile that evokes a sense of calm in George and lifts up his hand, as if he was waving. George doesn't quite understand it but he thinks that's a good thing.

Tommy finally points towards his father, "That's Philza Minecraft, he's the coolest person alive, but he will not hesitate to beat you with a belt, if you're being icky."

Before Philza can even comment on anything, Tommy's hands are on George's shoulders and shaking the older Brit back and forth, "This is Gogy!!!! He's Dream's figure skating boyfriend."

“Gogy?” He hears one of them, Punz, he thinks, question.

“Boyfriend?!” He hears another one exclaim, he can’t quite see who it is but it came from the general direction of the redhead, Fundy.

“George. My name’s George, Gogy’s a nickname.” George tries to get Tommy to stop shaking him, the blond teen simply responds to that by linking their arms together. “And Dream and I aren’t dating. I don’t know where Tommy got that idea from.”

Tommy shoots him an offended face and opens his mouth to respond, when Ponk interrupts him, “Gogy?” A head tilt, “Like that one figure skater who still skated after-”

“Lovely,” Sam cuts off, nodding towards George’s tight-lipped smile.

“Sorry, I should’ve realized...,” The shorter Brit trails off, George is quick to jump in.

“No, no, it’s fine. That’s what most people think about when they hear my name.” They all quiet down after that and George mentally slaps himself, this isn’t a great first impression to leave on Dream’s teammates.

Thankfully both Tommy and his father seem to share the innate ability to steer the conversation away from uncomfortable topics, “Well, mate, you must’ve stumbled here for some other reason, than to be introduced to my team.” The coach says with a kind smile.

George gives him a thankful smile, before the nerves hit him again and he starts fidgeting, “Well-uh, Dream told me about the thing with the school rink, how you guys normally hang out there after matches and how you can’t do that today. There’s this rink close to my apartment that I practice at regularly, the one I met Dream and Wilbur at?” He looks up at Philza, trying to see if the older is still with him.

“The Antarctic Empire?” Tommy asks, George nods.

“Yeah, what’s your point here?” The coach asks with a furrowed brow, “As far as I know they don’t allow rentout right?”

George nods again, “Yeah but I have a friend who works there and she has permission from the owners to open after hours for me.”

Tommy’s eyes light up as he processes what this means, he turns to look at his father and excitedly jumps up and down, “Can we?”

Philza looks at his excited son and then back at George, smiling at the younger Brit. “Are you sure you can do that for us mate?”

George looks back at the older man, “I already called, she’s working the closing shift tonight, we can stay for as long as we need.”

Philza smiles at his team, “Well boys, I guess we don’t have to cancel tonight.”

By the time Dream once again emerges from the locker room, the lobby is buzzing with a new kind of energy, and a bunch of the team members are excitedly chattering where Phil is. The blond can’t find George anywhere so he decides to jog over to Phil and see what all the commotion was about.

He stumbles over and to his surprise he sees George in the centre of all the commotion looking sheepish. He’s stuck there staring at George because *Look at him*. He has a pink flush dusting his

cheeks from all the attention and that smile, that beautiful smile that changes to fit every one of his little moods. Dream must've been staring for far too long because by the time he's snapped out of it, George was already sauntering his way over.

He stops right in front of Dream with a fond expression, "Hello." he says.

That one simple word causes the small smile across Dream's face to bloom further. It makes his cheeks hurt but what can he do? It's George.

"Hi." He replies, hands going to George's waist because he really needed something to steady him right now. If that was an excuse constructed just to give him physical contact with the beautiful skater in front of him then that's his own business.

The brunette boring straight into his soul was making him dizzy, like the room was suddenly liquid and the one thing that could keep him from bobbing under were those chocolate eyes. The grip he has on George's hip, the only thing keeping himself upright. He takes a breath and steadies himself. All he can do right now is smile and give George less-than-friendly friendly touches.

George, oblivious to all the thoughts running behind the blond's pretty smile, just cranes his head up with a matching smile and stares into those honey caramel eyes longer. Dream's getting the feeling he's either doing this on purpose or he's somehow under the same spell Dream's currently under. He can't bring himself to look away from the skater in front of him, *Friendly staring, this is friendly staring. This is something he would do to all his friends. Yeah friends, kiss your homies and shit. Whatever if it means he can kiss George-* Wait NO. Stop staring. Now.

His eyes don't seem to get the memo, as they flicker down to the Brit's lips, focusing on how pink and perfect they are and how they would look after a- *DREAM PUT YOUR HAND DOWN. DON'T PUT IT ON HIS FACE. YOU'RE NOT GONNA KISS HIM. STOP. STOP IT, RIGHT NOW.*

His hand doesn't know how to follow instructions apparently as it still lands on the side of George's face, thumb brushing away the loose strands that had fallen from his coiffed hair. Dream has to take extreme measures. He turns his head, pointedly looking away from the big, chocolate, warm-as-the-sun-in-autumn, eyes, focusing instead on the huddled up group of hockey players that have now whipped their heads away from him and George. He chuckles at his friends' antics, because he's in a good mood right now. He can yell at them later.

"You did that?" George looks behind himself over to where Dream was facing and his face scrunches up into a pained expression.

"Uh yeah, Tommy and Tubbo looked so sad that they couldn't do the skating thing, so I called up Minx and asked for a favour." His gaze on his fumbling hands before looking back up to stare into Dream's soul, "That's ok right?" He says coupled with fluttering eyelashes, really makes the blond contemplate whether or not George figured out that he could make Dream's heart sing without doing much.

As we've established the whole direct eye-contact thing really was messing with Dream's head, because his eyes aren't listening and refuse to look away from the pink things that are positioned a third of a way up from the brunette's face. Dream mentally slaps himself and tangles up his nerve endings enough to respond. "Yeah, yeah cool, that's fine. More time with you right?"

There's that pretty smile, again, and Dream's eyes flutter down, AGAIN, and he really was so tempted to lean down and capture those stupidly perfect lips in a kiss, when George snaps him out of his stupid daydreaming, by looking back to the group of chattering hockey players, "Uh about that..."

That finally gets Dream to sober up, "Oh no, what did you do?" Finally letting go of the brunet, and looking at his team, all pointedly looking away from him.

George snaps his head back to Dream, "Nothing." He chews on his lip and places his hands on top of Dream's so that the blond will rest his big hands on the brunet's small waist again, as if to distract him or something, "Tommy was just really excited earlier."

"Yeah?" Dream says, raising a brow.

"And me being the great person that I am, shared his excitement." George says releasing his hold on Dream's hand and lifting up a hand to his chest.

"Of course, of course."

"And so when he asked me a question I kinda... said yes without thinking."

Realization dawned across Dream's face, "You didn't-"

"And then he asked me 'Wait seriously?' and by that point it would've been rude to say no, when I'd already said yes." George continues, looking down at his gesturing hands.

"Geoooooorge," Dream whines, running a hand down his face.

"So now, Tommy and Tubbo are riding with us? Surprise?" George finishes, and Tommy and Tubbo come bounding over.

Dream covers his face with his hands, "Noooooooooooo!"

"But Dream I already said yes, please? Just this once?" George says, looking up at Dream through his lashes.

And you see, this was all really Dream's fault because he peeked out to look at George's face. He could've just said no, he could've just let the teenagers ride on the bus, or with Wilbur and Schlatt, but nOOOO he just had to peek out of his finger fort and see George's big pleading eyes, and pouty mouth and-

That's how Dream ends up with two obnoxiously loud teenagers in the backseat of his car.

"George! George! Wow I can't believe I can call you George now," Tommy adds in slightly quieter, then proceeds with, "You're really cool you know that?" Surprising a laugh out of the oldest of the three skaters. Welp, if he had to deal with the two gremlins in his car at least he could still stare at George being pretty.

"Hey George did you know when Dream was younger he ate a live frog!" Nevermind Dream hates the red lights and hopes everyone in this car dies a horrible death.

"Oh my god, shut the fuck up already."

A hand collides with his bicep and a pinch is deposited there, along with an angelic voice reprimanding him, "Dream! They're just trying to tell me stories."

Dream looks over at the passenger seat and sees the way George is clearly endeared by the two kids in the back and is genuinely trying to listen to their stories, and for a split second Dream can maybe just pretend this was their life and future together- "Dream, when are you proposing to Gogy?" -and the illusion has been shattered.

Dream bangs his head on his steering wheel, causing the horn to blare.

The loud horn surprises the bus behind them, causing three heads to look up at the cause of the sound.

“Man, I hope they’re ok.” Quackity says, from where he had straddled himself on Sapnap’s lap.

Karl settles back into the crook of Sapnap’s neck and says, “They’re fine, Tommy hasn’t been kicked out after all.”

They hear Dream yell out, when Tommy swings his door open in the middle of the road. “Oh, looks like Dream forgot to turn on Child’s lock.” Sapnap says, returning to his job of stroking along the backs of the two men cuddled up on him. Quackity shifts his weight on the raven’s lap, causing Sapnap to shift his hand from where it was stroking down onto the Mexican’s ass.

“Can you guys please not fuck on the bus.”

“Shut up, Punz. You’re just jealous you don’t get any.”

“Is that an invitation, my dearest Sappy?”

“Shut up before Karl chops your dick off.”

“I won’t hesitate, bitch.”

## Chapter End Notes

ok I took a really long break from this because a ton of shit happened and i just didnt feel up to writing such a happy fic

and then i decided to write an [angsty sapnap centric 5+1](#) to get those feelings out somewhere, i didnt end up posting it until like a few weeks ago, it got decent traction and i decided write a directors cut for it. i got a comment on the directors cut chapter that just made my heart bloom and it inspired me to finish this chapter.

so \*hopefully\* this is my return to this fic, but hey to make up for my almost four month break i gave u a semi-team meet, qnf content and some karlnapity content. next chapter im planning for benchtrio content, so lets hope i can finish that.

anyways, as usual leave a comment, kudos, and follow me on twitter (@soarynt) for more updates :))))

# My Beloved

## Chapter Summary

"Tommy Kraken Innit Minecraft, I will chop both of your balls straight off using my skates if you don't climb your bony ass back into my car."  
"You can't make me, bitch!"

## Chapter Notes

### i kEPT MY END OF THE DEAL

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Tommy Kraken Innit Minecraft, I will chop both of your balls straight off using my skates if you don't climb your bony ass back into my car." Dream yells over the sound of traffic blaring into the car via Tommy's open window.

"You can't make me, bitch!" Tommy yells back, clambering further out of the car's window.

"Tommy, I swear to god, you are going to cause me to crash." The older blond is swerving all over the place distracted by the foot literally by his head at this point. "George, please, he listens to you."

George lets out a cackle from behind his phone, shaking his head no. "Dream, this is great content for the vlog."

Dream sends him a pleading look and the oldest of the three Brits relents, putting down his phone and yelling out to the teen halfway out the car through the window. "Tommy! Get back into the car!"

"But Geooooorge," Tommy whines, already sticking his head back into the car anyway.

"Yeah I know but Mr. Pisspants says we have to go back into the car now." George says leveling the blond teen with a kindly stern look. Tommy sighs and rolls his window up. He takes interest in what Tubbo had been doing, while he had his head out the window. Wait, what had Tubbo been doing this entire time?

"Tubbo, buddy, what do you have over there?" Dream says glancing over at him using the rearview mirror.

"Oh nothing, Dream! I just fiddled around with my phone and got into your ca—" Tubbo is immediately cut off by Tommy's hand slapping over his mouth.

"He's done nothing, he is asleep, look, see leaned on my shoulder, awww adorable now look away green boy." Tommy says, grabbing Tubbo's neck and forcing the brunette's head on his shoulder.

Dream raises a brow at that, Tommy sends him a bright grin, and Tubbo blinks, and returns his

focus on his phone. Dream looks at George and George doesn't even look up from his phone, rapidly typing something out. Dream lets out a sigh and refocuses on not crashing the car, letting Tommy and Tubbo do whatever the fuck they were planning to do.

"Got you, you little bugger!" George exclaims out, as both Tommy and Tubbo groan.

"What the fuc-" Dream starts to say before he's interrupted by Tommy's head, right in between them.

"George, you motherfucker, you shit, your face is so ugly it radiates stink lines, you mrmrmrmrmrmr, Tubbo vibrate angrily with me, mrmrmrmrmrmrmr."

Dream pushes Tommy's head back so that he sits back in his seat, "Vibrate in your seat and don't yell into my ear. Christ, you're giving me premature grey hairs."

He looks back at the rearview mirror to see Tommy sulking in his seat and Tubbo still fiddling around on his phone. He levels George with a questioning glance, "What the fuck did you do, George?"

George beams up and says, "Tubbo was typing into a coding app so I figured he was trying to hack into your car's system or something so I intercepted his signal and typed out a basic labyrinth that he couldn't get through."

Dream's jaw drops, "Tubbo!"

"I wasn't trying to hack into your GPS or anything, I just wanted to change the song." Tubbo frowns, still seemingly trying to figure out how George did what he did.

Tommy makes a face at this, "Why didn't you just ask Dream to change it, bossman?"

"Because he was too busy staring at George-" A glare from Dream sends a shiver down the young brunet's spine, "Too busy driving I mean."

"And here I thought we could hack into Dream's car to make the GPS say pussy." Tommy grumbles, slumping further into his seat.

"Don't worry, I'll teach you guys how to hack into it properly, later." George says conspicuously, already grabbing Dream's phone to distract the older blond, "Now, what did you want to play?"

Tubbo lights up, "Oh! I wanted to play the Able Sister's theme."

Tommy lights up at the words and George raises a brow at Tubbo, "From Animal Crossing?"

"Yup!"

George looks over to Dream and Dream gives him a smile and a nod, so George plays the Able Sisters theme, and Tommy visibly calms at the first note. He starts bopping his head along to the beat. Tubbo shows the blond something on his phone and the taller teen nods and pulls out his own phone. They start playing some sort of game giving Dream and George an opportunity to have a quiet conversation.

"Animal Crossing, ey?" George says loud enough for Dream to hear him but not loud enough to bother the teens behind them.

"Yeah, one of the only things that calms him down. When he isn't being a shit at practice, you can

find him curled up in a corner playing the new game." Dream says, looking back fondly at the younger blond letting out a loud laugh. "Think Sam's the one who got him hooked."

They slow to a stop at a red light and Dream glances over to the boys behind him and gives them a fond smile. He can feel George's stare on him from the passenger's seat. "What are you staring at me for?"

George gives him a cheeky grin, "You'd be a good dad." He reaches over to poke at Dream's dimple.

George just laughs when Dream bats his hands away, "It's true, Dream."

"Shut up." The hockey player says in reply, adjusting the rear view mirror to see the two teens bickering over something in their game. "They like you better."

George, somewhat recklessly, grabs his face to get him to look straight into brown eyes, "Take the compliment, bitch."

That startles a laugh out of Dream, causing George to giggle along with him, his hand still resting on the blond's cheek, and there are those deep dark chocolate eyes again. George must've figured out that Dream has a thing for his eyes by now, because he looks up through his lashes, and Dream can physically feel the sight pulling him closer to the other skater. As if to add insult to injury George pokes out that pink tongue to wet his lips. The blond flickers his eyes down to the little movement watching the sheen of his lips, sparkle in the slowly setting light of the afternoon sun. Dream really wants to pull closer but he glances over to the kids in the back as if to signal to George why he was so hesitant, but George doesn't let him pull away, holding his face even closer that their foreheads touch. The skater's eyes don't stray away from mossy green pools, almost telling him to deal with it later, so comforting and warm that Dream decides fuck it and tries to capture the brunette's lips with his own.

Just as Dream's about to pull closer, a horn blares behind them. Dream's hands go flying to the wheel as George presses up against the door, placing a hand over his rabbiting heart. They both glance over to the light only for it to see it still bleeding red, The blond's furrows his brows looking behind him to see the cause of the disruption, only to see a certain brunet's face next to the driver's own shocked one. Foolish gives him a cocky grin, then scurries away back to his seat as the driver starts to give him hell for touching the wheel. Dream glares at the back of the retreating figure for stealing away his kiss. He glares for long enough that Tommy seems to put two and two together and say, "Ohhh, you two were doing something scandalous weren't you?"

Dream just groans in response as he puts the car back into drive. George, the angel that he is, turns to talk to distract both Tubbo and Tommy. "Tubbo, do you wanna see one of the tricks I've been practicing?"

Well that seems to work as Tubbo perks up and Tommy shifts his focus from Dream back to George, "What were you trying to do, Gogy? A quad?"

George nods, already turning on his phone to search for the video of him landing the trick.

"Woah, no way! What were you trying for? A lutz, a flip?"

"A salchow?" Tommy chimes in, equally as excited.

"Mmm, I've been trying for an axel."

"Holy shit!?" Tubbo says at the same time Tommy goes, "No fucking way."

George hums, "So you don't wanna see me land a quad axel?" Shaking the phone with the video loaded up in his hands. Tommy and Tubbo grapple for the phone in his hands, ooh-ing and aww-ing once they finally situate themselves enough to watch the video properly. They replay it several times, successfully distracted. George gives Dream a wink and Dream gives him a small thankful smile as the two behind them toss out ideas as to how George edited the video to make it seem like he landed a quad axel.

The oldest skater doesn't mention all of the attempts before and after that take, all the times he fell flat on his bum. He bruised his ass and thigh area so bad that he had to call Quackity over to ice his bum. The Mexican then gave him an intense and detailed rant as to why aftercare was important and how to do it properly. George was hurting so bad that he just let the fucker talk.

"Gogy, is this actually you?" Tommy says, skeptically squinting at the screen.

"What do you mean 'Is that me?' Of course it is, why would I have random videos of skaters saved on my phone?"

"We don't know what you're into, man," Tubbo says, to which George rolls his eyes and Tommy laughs his head off. Dream seems very confused by their current conversation, he keeps glancing over to them. George shushes him and pats Dream's hand on the wheel.

"It's ok, Dream. One day you'll be as smart as us." The blond gives him an offended look, lightly slapping away George's hand with a scoff. The two teens laugh at Dream while George pouts at him. Dream lightly taps George's face and the Brit responds by dramatically flopping towards the door.

"Oh, stop it. Stop talking about flutzos and saltcows or whatever, and put your shoes on, we're pulling up to the rink." Dream glances over at Tommy, as Tubbo hands George his phone back. He notices the British teen staring out of the window with a glum look. "Tommy," He calls out, "Y'allright there, big man?"

Tommy grins at him, "All good, green boy!"

He glances at George who just shrugs, then back at the teen who goes back to fiddling with his own phone. Dream decides its best to just drop it for now as they pull up into the parking lot. He makes a mental note to talk to Phil about it later. In the meantime, "Ok," He grabs the hand brake then puts the car into park, "Make sure you have everything you need, phone, wallet, skates. I don't wanna go back here until it's time to leave."

In the middle of his spiel, George opens his door and hops out, "God you're such a dad," He whispers under his breath, he sticks his head back in to yell, "C'mon, let's go kids!"

"I'm not a kid," Tommy grumbles, opening his own door.

"Sure, you're not, boss man." Tubbo says, patting Tommy's shoulder, and sliding out of the door Tommy opened.

Dream grumbles about how George would be the favourite parent as he slams his door shut. He lets the three go on ahead as he makes sure his car is properly parked.

"God, he really is like a dad isn't he? He takes care of his car like one too." George says steering the boys into the entrance.

"Yeah and you're the one dating the dad, so does that make you a dad-fucker?" Tubbo says.

A pink flush tints George's face when he hears that and Tommy lets out a loud laugh at George's reaction alone, "Tubbo, we're not fucking, we're not even dating-"

"Hey babe!" Dream stumbles in behind them, cutting George off mid-sentence. He hears Tommy's laugh scream louder as Tubbo stifles his own giggles. George pinches both of them in the arm, when Dream gives him a questioning look. George waves him off, gesturing for Dream to continue his train of thought, "The bus is pulling now, so can we go in or...?"

"I'll go check in with Minx, tell the team to stay in the bus, I don't want them to have to pile back in if we can't use the rink." Dream nods and George uses his hold on Tubbo and Tommy to push them towards Dream, "Here, take the brats with you."

"Y'know, George, I'm starting to think I don't like you very much."

"Y'know, Tommy, if you don't shut your mouth I might reconsider teaching you how not to flub your jumps." George says and that's the end of that. "I'll text you when everything's good," The oldest Brit adds on, already pushing the three of them out. Dream starts walking towards the bus, Tommy and Tubbo begrudgingly follow behind.

"Dream, I really like your boyfriend, he's really cool." Tubbo says, as both he and Tommy kick at rocks as they walk towards the bus.

"Mm, he's not my boyfriend Tubbo, but I agree he is really cool." Dream says, hiking the bag that contained George's skates higher up on his shoulder.

"Both you and George say that but for not-boyfriends you sure act like boyfriends." Tubbo responds.

Dream sighs, "Well, Tubbo, sometimes people are not-boyfriends, because one of them doesn't have the balls to ask the other one to be actual boyfriends."

"Haha, you don't have balls, and that makes you a pussy." Tommy says, "I am not a pussy, in fact, I am a big man."

Tommy starts running towards the side of the bus and Dream doesn't even bother stopping him. He was planning on telling Phil all of the shit Tommy did, so why not add in all his odd behaviour as well. He and Tubbo reach the bus doors, and walk in to find Tommy already causing chaos, "Fundy, Fundy, Dream told me he doesn't have balls and therefore he is a pussy."

"Oh, Dream! Great timing. Tommy was just telling me how much of a pussy you are." The redhead says flatly.

"I know Fundy, let the poor boy be." Dream says, taking a seat on the bus stairs. Tubbo walks further into the bus and drags Tommy into a free seat with him.

"Well, what are we waiting for then? Can we go in, yet?" Foolish asks, obviously raring to get out of his seat, still careful enough no to jostle his sleeping lovers right in front of him.

Dream simply glances at him, "First of all fuck you, damn cock block. Second, we're waiting for George to confirm with Minx, after that we can go in." The sandy blond pulls out his phone, and shrugs. "Might as well wait for Wil to get here."

"Speaking of Wil, why doesn't Tech just ride with Wil?" Foolish asks, glancing over at the pink haired man leaning over on Phil. It looks partly ridiculous, Techno being a good five-six inches taller, yet still somehow making himself fit onto Phil's shoulder. Tech has enough charm to make it

work.

"You know he likes riding with Phil," Fundy says, thumbing out a reply to someone who is presumably Wil. "Sides, Wil said he'd pick up Niki."

Tubbo's ears practically perk up at this, "Niki? Ranboo's coming?"

Everyone's heads snap to the brunette at the back, head now peeking up above the seat. Tubbo looks to the redhead for confirmation, "Uh, wait I don't know, let me ask him."

A ding interrupts the conversation in front of Dream. He looks down to his phone and sees a text from George waiting for him. He swipes open the notification into their messages.

**Love of my Life, I just haven't told him yet**

6:46 pm

*Minx says were all good, if u guys brought food for her*

*I thought she was joking but shes /srs*

*Shes holding the rink hostage help*

Dream gives a little scoff at his screen. (A/N What the fuck do you call that thing u do when u see something funny on ur phone? Like it isn't enough to warrant a full laugh, but it's still funny? Is that scoffing? /gen q I literally can't think of another word for it. Can someone answer me in the comments pls)

**tell her we're ordering pizza**

*Ok she says u just need to wait for some people to file out*

*She says if its good pizza u can wait inside the lobby*

**we're only allowed to get pizza hut**

**wil is sponsored or smth**

**he only lets us buy pizza hut**

**maybe dominos sometimes**

**but mainly pizza hut**

*She says that'll do*

*U can come in*

Dream hurdles the team members that are awake out of the bus, letting Tommy and Tubbo take the lead, before going to deal with his sleeping teammates. He goes over to Sapnap because he knows how to deal with a sleepy Sap, all though he will admit seeing a third member in the sleep pile is new.

Sapnap is fast asleep with Quackity straddling his lap, head tucked into Sap's neck. Karl is asleep on Sapnap's other shoulder, curled into his side, Quackity's arm and leg thrown over him. All and all it's a pretty cute sight, Dream's not gonna lie, which is precisely why he snaps a picture of it so

he can sell it to Sapnap later.

He starts lightly slapping Sapnap's face. "Sap, Sap, Sap, C'mon wake up," He whispers as to only wake up the drooling man, and not any of the persons using him as a human pillow. Dream levels him with one hard slap and that jerks the snoring man awake, causing him to tighten his hold on both Quackity and Karl.

"Hu-wuh?" The raven slurs out.

"Wake up, get Karl and Quackity awake too, we're at the rink."

"Mrm, y's r."

Dream doesn't quite understand it but he takes it as an affirmative and goes to wake up Sam and Ponk. Foolish had already taken their things inside, so all Dream had to do was wake the two up. Sam has Ponk cradled to his side, basically melding the South African into his side and Dream thinks this should be easy enough.

He pokes Sam in the side closest to the aisle, just wanting to see what would happen honestly. Sam blinks open his eyes and levels Dream with one of the scariest glares he has ever seen, even scarier than that one time Dream's mom glared at him after he burnt off a chunk of Drista's hair. The blond starts to cower away, carefully rethinking all of his life decisions that have led him to this point in life, when Sam gently grabs his wrist. "Dream, sorry, is it time to get up?"

Dream quietly nods his head yes and lets Sam wake Ponk up, moving onto Phil and Techno. Usually Dream would be scared of waking Techno up for the fear of getting strangled but after surviving Sam's scary glare, Dream feels like he can do anything now. Also because Dream knows just the trick to get Techno awake. He leans onto the chairs in front of Techno and Phil and puts on the whiniest voice he can muster, "Phiiiiiiil."

Phil blinks his eyes open and sees a bleary grin and blond hair and mumbles, "Tommy, can I listen to your ramblings later? Papa needs his sleep, buddy."

Dream boops Phil's nose and goes, "Not Tommy, coach."

Phil's eyes go wide upon hearing Dream's voice, "Dream? What're you doing here?"

"You're on the bus and we're at the Antarctic Empire, waiting for Wil, George let us inside." Dream runs by Phil, reminding him.

"Oh yeah, thanks mate. Should I wake Techno for you?" Phil says, already pointing towards his son.

"Actually, was wondering if you wanted to do a prank on old Sleeping Beauty?" Dream's eyes sparkling with mischief and who is Phil to say no to a good prank?

Techno wakes up slowly, blinking at his surroundings recognizing that he was on the bus with Dream shaking him awake in the seat next to him. He glares at the offending hand like it'll stop shaking him if he glares hard enough.

"Ugh, finally you're awake, we've been here for ages." Dream says finally letting go of his shoulder.

Techno shifts in his seat still refusing to get up, "You better have a good reason for waking me up, green boy, or else somebody's head is getting sliced off."

"Techie, you know that's a really rude way of talking to your boyfriend. You should be nicer to me, after everything I do for you." Dream says haughtily.

Techno freezes and looks over at Dream with a furrowed brow, "The fuck did you say?"

"I said you should be nicer to me, y'know your boyfriend? After dating for five years a little kindness wouldn't hurt."

"Boyfriend?" Techno says incredulously, "Dating?"

"Yeah? Babe, are you ok?" Dream pulls up a hand to Techno's forehead, voice full of concern. "Is this why you were so rude? Does your head hurt, my darling?"

Techno flinches away from Dream's touch, "What the fuck?" but stays in his seat, he's known Dream for long enough to know that this is something Dream would do to fuck with him, and scrambling out to find Phil is what Dream wants him to do, so he lets the blond check his temperature on his forehead. "Dream, where's Phil?" He words slowly.

"Uhm? Outside? Waiting for us to get into the rink?" Techno nods and starts speed walking to the door, because he will not give Dream the satisfaction of running away from him.

"Techie! Wait, ugh, you're such an asshole! That's the last time, I'm waiting for you to wake up, bastard!" Dream yells out after him but Techno pays him no mind, he has to find Phil. He finds said man, leaning on the bus, on his phone, seemingly texting Wil, he lights up when he sees Techno walking out of the bus, "Oh, there you are mate! I thought you'd never wake up."

Techno grabs Phil by his shoulders and looks the man in the eye, "Phil help, Dream just told me I was his boyfriend of five years."

"Oh, that's not right," Techno lets out a huge sigh of relief, "Could've sworn you've been dating for six?" Techno nearly faints.

Dream stumbles out of the bus carrying Techno's bag and his own, "Dream! When did you ask Techno out? I think he's having a crisis because he can't remember. Was it five or six?"

Dream waddles over and dumps Techno's bag on the floor in front of him, "Is this what's got your panties in a twist?" Dream says eyeing Techno, he turns back to Phil. "Well, I asked him out freshman year, he rejected me because, actually I don't know why he never told me. Anyways, I asked him again multiple times sophomore year, guess he finally got sick of me asking and said yes. We went on a date and we've been dating ever since. Sophomore, Junior, Senior, Freshman in uni, and now." He counts out the years on his hand, Techno looks at him horrified, as he holds up all five of his fingers, "Five years."

Techno feels his head fry, "No, no, no, no, no, you asked me Sophomore year but I said no, then you asked me to prom Junior year, I said yes to fuck with you and you said 'really' and I said no. Then in Senior year I asked you because you looked like a kicked puppy dog, and during the mandatory couples' dance I told you I was Ace."

Dream blinks at him, "Techno are you actually, like, ok? You told me you were Ace during a statistics lesson, Sophomore year? The teacher went 'How many aces are in this deck?' and then you snickered, turned to me and went 'Haha ace like me!'"

Techno can't even be mad because Dream's right. He DID come out to Dream during a random statistics lesson, they talked about it during the mandatory couples' dance, talked about what it meant to him specifically, but Techno did technically come out two years prior to that. Techno has

so many questions but first he has to prove that both Phil and Dream are fucking with him. Luckily he spots his saving grace just walking out of the rink entrance.

He starts sprints towards George, not even acknowledging his bag. He knows Phil will get it for him and he needs to think about what to do right now. It's probably terrifying for the figure skater, seeing this huge six foot three hockey player sprinting at him at full speed but Techno needs to do this for his own sanity.

George is on the phone, texting someone, the pink-haired man would put bets on how he was most certainly texting Dream judging by the shit eating grin on the small figure skater's face but now is not the time to think of hypothetical scenarios of whether or not Techno would bet on if Dream's boyfriend was texting Dream, but rather an emergency. Techno runs up to George and hurriedly waves to the brunette.

"George, George, George, hi! I'm Techno, Dream's teammate. Nice to meet you. Now I need to show you to Dream real quick." Techno speeds out before planting his hands on George's shoulders.

"Wha- oh- Hi? Ni-huh?" is all George manages to stutter out before Techno spins him around and faces him towards the two blonds walking towards him, Phil raises up an arm and calls out to Techno, "Techno, mate, you left your bag with us!"

"Yes, Phil, I am aware but I am currently in the middle of an experiment," Techno says, projecting his voice loud enough for the blonds to hear, but being extremely aware of the petite brunet he was currently pushing towards them.

"And what exactly is your experiment, Techno?" Dream asks, as they walk close enough not to be yelling at one another.

"That you are completely and utterly fucking with me, now tell me Dream, how does this small brunette man with the name of George make you feel?" Techno says smugly, obviously thinking he'd won the conversation.

"The same way you make me feel considering that we're also dating him," Dream smiles down at George, "Isn't that right, Georgie?"

George nods then peeks up at him with an innocent expression on his face and says, "Techie, are you ok?"

Techno wrenches his hands off of George and runs straight into someone's back, as he's trying to navigate his way into the entrance. The burly hockey player looks up to find a familiar beanie, with brown curls peaking out, he immediately envelopes his brother in a backwards hug saying, "Wilbur, I never thought I'd be so relieved to see you."

Wilbur turns around to wrap his arms around Techno in a proper hug, "Damn, Techno couldn't be away from your twin for that long?"

Techno rubs his face into Wilbur's chest, "Wil, Phil, Dream and George are tryin to convince me that I'm in a relationship with Dream, and that George is also in said relationship, help."

"Wait, you're not?" Techno looks up at Wilbur's face horrified, the brunette immediately starts laughing and pats Techno's head, "I'm just teasing, brother. They're just pranking you, don't worry."

Techno stays with his arms winded around his twin brother as Phil, Dream and George walk back

with shit-eating grins. He glares at the three approaching and buries his head in Wilbur's neck, "Wil, help they look like they're extremely proud of themselves for mentally traumatizing me."

Wil buries his hand in Techno's scalp and combs his hair through the strands, "To be fair they did get you pretty good."

Techno unburies his head to glare at Wilbur, Wilbur just uses his hold on Techno's hair to push the pink-haired man's face into his neck, "Come along now, Techno. Let's get you to one of the bleachers so you can sleep this loss away."

The group of five walk into the cool lobby of the Antarctic Empire, Wilbur wanders off to find Schlatt with Techno still clinging onto him, while Phil splits off to reprimand Punz for trying to hit on a damn house plant, leaving Dream and George standing awkwardly by the entrance.

"So..." Dream starts, "Come here often?"

George snorts, "Shut up. You're so embarrassing."

"Uhm, excuse me?" Comes a small female voice, from behind them. "Sorry, but you're kind of blocking the path."

George whips around, apology on his tongue when he recognizes the small figure in front of him, "Niki? Hi!"

Niki brightens up when she hears George's voice, "George! Hi!"

George pulls her in for a hug, she lets him and says, "I didn't know you'd be here."

"I didn't either," George giggles a bit, "We really should stop meeting like this."

Niki pulls away, and gives George a bright smile, "We really should plan a day at a cat cafe."

George was right about to voice out his agreement when Tubbo yells out, "Ranboo, incoming!"

"Tubbo, please my skates!"

"Don't care, bossman. Catch me!"

The blond American, who George recognizes as Niki's little brother, drops his black and white skates and immediately readies his hands to be able to catch Tubbo, who is sprinting at him at full speed. Ranboo does manage to catch Tubbo, barely keeping himself upright in the process, but he manages to catch him none-the-less.

"Ranboo, my beloved! I've missed you, bossman!" Tubbo yells out, holding his friend at arms length to be able to properly talk to him.

"Hello to you too, Tubbo." Ranboo says sarcastically. He goes to place Tubbo down, but the brunet squeezes his legs around Ranboo's waist. Ranboo sighs and hikes Tubbo further up his waist, talking to him like that.

Tommy trudges to a stop next to Dream and says, "Do you want to hug too, so we don't feel left out?"

"Tommy! If you wanted a hug, you should've just asked!" Dream says with a bright grin.

Tommy grimaces, "Nevermind, I am reminded that I hate you."

Dream drags him into a hug anyway, and Tommy doesn't protest further.

## Chapter End Notes

hello my beloveds, two updates so close to each other, a rare occurance for twitter user aryn soarynt indeed

here join my [discord](#) lets talk about my new manhunt au \*lipbite\*

anyways i updated because ain (@mirraclu) did a poll for which duo she should draw and i said that if twinsduo won i'd update today.

it won... so uh... here i am asdjaskdj

anyways i noticed a few things about this fic while i was looking back and i kinda want to fix it up?

i dont wanna change anything because i know you guys love it as it is but i wanna fix up the formatting on old chapters

aLSO i just realized i didnt hyperlink any of the links i put in the notes so im definitely going to fix those up aksdjks

so if you guys notice i dont update for another month check back on the old chapters i probably fixed them up aksdjk

# Ranboo!!1!

## Chapter Summary

sorry :(

## Chapter Notes

gotcha bitch

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ranboo, get out of my fucking way!!”

“Tommy, wha-?”

A crash is heard throughout the rink, everybody’s heads snap towards the loud noise, assessing the damage before turning away when they see it isn’t a big deal.

“Geoooooorge,” Tommy whines, “Ranboo ruined my juuuump.”

The two teens are still trying to detangle their limbs from one another, when George skids over to them laughing. He holds out his hand to help the smaller of the two up.

“Maybe look before jumping next time?” George says, brushing the shaved ice off of Tommy’s shoulders.

Ranboo groans and clutches his stomach, “You ok there, Ranboo?”

“No.” He grunts out, still clutching his stomach.

George crouches down to check over the young blond, Tommy still worriedly hovering over them, “What hurts?”

“I think Tommy elbowed me or something, it feels bruised.” Ranboo coughs out.

“Ok, I think we should get you off the ice for now. Maybe take a bit of a break?” Ranboo nods and George helps him up, and prophys him up against the wall.

“Tubbo!” George calls over to the brunet practicing a Biellman with Niki, “Wanna help Ranboo off the ice?”

“Oh?” Tubbo slows to a stop, facing towards them, “What happened to my beloved?”

“Tommy accidentally hit him in the stomach trying to do a jump!” George yells, skating around to shave some ice up.

“I didn’t mean to,” Tommy mumbles out, from where he was stood by George.

"I know, that's why I said accidentally, Tommy."

"Why me?" Tubbo whines, skating over despite his words.

"You're literally the strongest person on the ice, right now." George scoops up the ice and hands it to Tommy. "Have Ranboo put this on his stomach, I'll try to find a plastic bag for it."

"I have an ice bag in my Zuca!!!" Niki calls out.

"Do you actually still carry that thing around with you everywhere?" George says, already making a beeline for the exit.

"Ranboo always gets hurt whenever we skate." She shrugs.

"Stop spreading lies about me!!" Ranboo yells, clutching his stomach with one hand, other hand wrapped around Tubbo.

"Oi," Tubbo presses his palm into where Ranboo had been clutching, causing the taller to groan. "Focus on walking off the ice."

George skates through the exit before Tubbo and Ranboo get too close, and rushes over to where he left his skate guards. He slides them on, and goes off in search of Niki's giant Zuca bag. She's had it since they've been under the same coach, and he still has fond memories of pushing her off of it while she tried to put on her skates. Good times.

He rummages around in it before he finds one of the several ice bags stashed in there. He rushes over to where the hockey players have gathered busy stuffing their faces, passing where Tommy and Tubbo have gotten Ranboo rested on the bench.

"I'll grab some ice cubes from the cooler for you!" He hears a sound of affirmation and continues on his way.

While George squeezes his way through the large hockey players, Tommy awkwardly hovers around Tubbo who's just trying his best to get his friend sitting comfortably on the bench.

"Tommy, please." Tubbo says exasperatedly, as he feels the blond check over his shoulder once more. "Ranboo is fine, he just needs to sit."

Tommy doesn't settle, instead choosing to sit right next to where Tubbo's trying to set Ranboo down, leg bouncing. Tubbo lets out a groan and pinches Ranboo's side slightly, just enough to get the younger to placate the restless blond trying very hard to keep his attention away from Ranboo.

"Tommy, I'm fine, I think." Tubbo hits him, Ranboo groans, and Tommy's leg starts bouncing quicker.

"What he meant to say was, if it was anything really bad George would've called an ambulance by now." Tubbo stretches, once he finally has Ranboo on the bench, next to Tommy still valiantly trying to keep his focus on some hockey article.

Once George is far enough away from them Tommy finally breaks and pulls his two friends into a huddle. Well, he pulls Tubbo into the huddle, he still kinda feels bad for tall lanky bitch, "Do you think George is mad?"

"What?" Tubbo yells out, Tommy immediately whacks him in the shoulder. Tubbo gives Ranboo puppy dog eyes, Ranboo just shrugs. Tubbo huffs and rubs his arm, "Why would big man be mad

at you?"

"Well, y'know," Tommy gestures vaguely, before mumbling something incoherent, he looks back at his friends, who just stare blankly at him.

"I'm gonna be honest, Tommy, I did not understand one thing you said." Ranboo intones from his place on the bench. Tubbo lets out a sound of assent.

Tommy groans. "Y'know," he clears his throat, "the accident."

"Well, I mean I don't think he has the right to be mad about our accident if nobody got seriously-"

Tubbo cuts Ranboo off, seriousness bleeding into the conversation, as he looks Tommy in the eye. "You think he's reminded of-?"

Tommy nods, while Ranboo just looks between the two of them, still confused. The two share one more solemn look before Tubbo says, "It's been ages though right? He was probably around our age when it happened."

"I mean, yeah," Tommy pauses, purses his lips, "but if I went through something like that it would stick with me forever. He wasn't able to skate for like what? Two, three years? He even stopped doing competitions because of it."

Tubbo nods as Ranboo bristles, "What in the world are you two talking about?"

The two share a look before Tubbo says, "Grand Prix 2014."

"What happened at the Grand Prix in 2014?" Ranboo's eyes drift over to where George has been stopped by Sapnap jumping on his back. The two were laughing as they fell to the ground. Dream eventually saunters over to help George up, ignoring Sapnap completely.

"George's accident." Tommy says. Ranboo snaps his eyes to the other blond who still looks as serious as ever. "George bumped into a skater practically the same way we did, but worse. His head hit the ice really hard, he got a concussion and had to get several stitches. There was blood all over the ice and everything. After, he still pushed to perform, got a silver then just disappeared from competition skating. The public doesn't know what he's doing now."

He shows Ranboo an article dated 2014, the headline reads, "Star Skater Never to Skate Again?" overtop a picture of a bloodied George laying on the ice. Ranboo winces with how lifeless George looks on the ice, nothing at all like the mentor he had gotten to know this afternoon. Pale skin, with his head lolled to the side and what looks to be all of his blood surrounding him. He scrolls down to see more of the article describing in detail how the young Brit slammed into another skater while warming up, how he still pushed to perform, eventually collapsing after the performance. It also notes that he had gotten silver after all that, Ranboo makes a face at the offhanded mention of the medal placement George had gotten. No other mention of the Brit's well-being aside from a linked article to George's retirement statement.

"Well, we do." Tubbo's voice floats in as he reads, eyes shifting to the brunet beside him before fluttering back to the screen. "A lot of people saw it as a waste because he was on track to be one of the greatest skaters of all time. No one really knows or talks about what happened to George after, he never mentioned it and brushed past it when he returned, like a year and a half later."

Tommy scoffs, "I mean would you? It must've been traumatic."

Tubbo and Ranboo both nod, as their attention is drawn back to the petite British skater, walking

back to them holding the bag of ice, while talking to Dream.

"Does Dream know?" Ranboo asks, quietly.

"Hell if I know." Tommy says, taking his phone away and pulling up a completely unrelated article to cover up what they were reading about. "Those two don't even know what's going on between them two, how are they gonna know what's going on with each other."

Tubbo pressed a hand to his heart, "That was awfully profound of you, Tommy."

"Oh, shut up!" Tommy yells, going to kick at Tubbo before George grabs his foot and draws it up so that Tommy loses his balance and falls over.

"Don't pester the injured." George says, as he hands over the ice bag to Ranboo.

Tommy groans from where he's trying to untangle himself for the second time that day, whiny quality pitching up his voice, "I was trying to kick Tubbo, man!"

George sighs, "Well, Tubbo," he says putting emphasis on the name, "Should really move away from the injured until Coach George says so."

"When did you become our coa-," Tubbo begins to ask, when he's cut off by a withering glare from George. He promptly moves into a corner to whisper with Tommy. George sighs and begins to assess Ranboo's leg.

"I'm fine there." The tall blond says, "Tommy just hit my stomach, I'll be fine in a bit."

"I'm just checking, sometimes you can't even feel hurt because of all the adrenaline pumping through your body but you've sprained it." George says with a sigh, undoing Ranboo's skate and tossing it over to Dream, who had been quietly peeking over George's shoulder up until then.

Ranboo doesn't know if George is speaking from experience or not, but shuts his mouth either way, not wanting to piss the older off or bring up any bad memories.

Dream eyes a certain pink haired girl clamber her way over to where they were seated. She makes her way over to Ranboo and drops her whole weight on his shoulders. Even with the weight of the other skater, Ranboo barely flinches.

"Hi, Niki." He says, monotonously, most likely preparing himself for a scolding.

"You fell really hard there," Niki says as she daintily sits herself next to Ranboo, tone shifting to something darker, "Would be a shame if you broke a bone."

Ranboo pouts, already pulling out a bullshit excuse about how he'll be more careful when Niki pushes him off of the bench and forces him to stand. Ranboo winces as pressure is put on the ankle he landed on, Niki raises a brow and gives George a look. George just nods and says, "Definitely sprained."

Niki pulls Ranboo back down to the bench by his ear, "This is why you should be aware of your surroundings, now we can't skate for a week."

"I can still go to practice with yo—" Niki flicks her brother's nose.

"No you can't. You need to rest and I need to take care of you." She smiles to herself and Ranboo already knows he's being used as an excuse and sighs, resigning himself to be stuck inside for a

week. She starts talking to George about wrapping paper or whatever, and George immediately jumps into the conversation, snapping out of his staring match with Dream's hands. He still keeps the blond's hands in his dainty ones, though, occasionally fidgeting with them as he talks with Niki.

Weird.

Ranboo glances at his two friends awkwardly standing a few feet away staring at the situation in front of them. He mouths out a small, "Help!" causing Tubbo to let out a snicker, Tommy just sticks his tongue out at him and mouths back a, "Fuck you!" With his middle finger sticking out.

Ah, classic Tommy.

He crouches a bit and stands, hobbling his way out of the conversation with old people and back to his friends. Niki grabs his wrist before he leaves though, giving him a stern look before letting him go. Sometimes Ranboo forgets how scary Niki can be. Well, to be fair, Ranboo forgets a lot of things. He makes his way over to Tubbo and Tommy, flopping himself over both of their laps, earning himself a groan from Tommy and a giggle from Tubbo.

"Hiya, big man, saw your foot was bad." Tubbo says, gently dipping his hands into honeyed-hair, "You doing alright, king?"

"Great, good, fantastic even." Ok maybe he was not fine.

"We get it, I accidentally kneed you in your balls, no need to be a pussy about it." Tommy says, digging his elbow into the taller's thighs. Ranboo swipes at Tommy's hand, almost causing the younger blond to fall face first into the floor, Ranboo's legs on him stop him from falling all the way, but it was fun to watch Tommy flail.

"Ranboo have I told you how ugly you are, you're incredibly ugly actually, so ugly that when I look at you I have to hold back my urge to puke--"

"Tommy, stop berating your friend." Wilbur cuts off Tommy's hate filled rambling, as he sits a step higher than the three messing around. He hands Ranboo an iced drink, and then shoulder checks Tommy with his own, "Apologize or I won't drive you home."

Tommy grumbles, as Ranboo sits up with a bit of assistance from Tubbo. "I don't care if you don't drive me home I'll just get Dream to drive me home."

"What was that? Sorry?" Wilbur replies teasingly, far too used to Tommy's mumbling.

"I said," Tommy sits up straighter just so he can face Wilbur properly. "I don't care if you drive me home, dumbass. I'll just hitch a ride with Dream. He likes me better than you anyway."

Wilbur hums, "Mm, say that to teenage Wilbur that dated Dream."

Tommy scrunches up his face, "Exactly, why I'm better than you."

The wheat blond makes grabby hands towards Wilbur's drink, Wilbur hands it over without much fuss. He watches his younger brother take a huge glug, he proceeds to hit Tommy's arm. "Don't finish it!"

Tommy shoves him back, before taking his mouth off of the drink and wiping his lips on his sleeve. He gives Wilbur his drink back and ends up zoning out in the general direction of Dream and George, the latter of which has turned their back to them and has begun hitting the Floridian's

chest with his fists. Tommy doesn't really will his eyes to move down, they just do, really. If he had a choice he would not be staring at George's ass right now, but he is and he just realized something.

Before he can properly think through what he's about to say his mouth forms the words, "Hey, you ever notice how..." He gestures in a circular motion, "Round." He settles on, "George's ass is?"

Wilbur spits out his drink, while Ranboo and Tubbo stare at him wide-eyed. Tubbo fishmouts at him while Wilbur is busy trying to clean off his shirt off. Ranboo hands the other blond's brother a handkerchief. Looking back at his friends, Tommy lets out an awkward laugh, stuttering over his attempt at saving himself, "No it's like- you know how asses are like bouncy and shit?"

Ranboo once again makes an incredulous face, "A-Wha- No????"

"What are you on about?" Wilbur chimes in.

Tommy lets out a frustrated little groan, "A GOOD ASS IS BOUNCY AND ROUND, And like- Ranboo have I ever told you how your ass isn't that nice?"

Wilbur gasps, acting scandalized, "Tomathy Innit, who fucking raised you and why are you an ass man?" A mischievous glint makes its way into Wilbur's eyes, as he asks, "Are we sure you're not gay?"

Tommy makes a confused sound, looking to his two friends for help. Tubbo's face just splits with the same shit eating grin, "I don't know boss man. You've been acting kind of sus lately."

"Yeah," Ranboo doubles down, "You remember the sausage incident?"

"The sausage incident?" Wilbur questions, eyeing Tommy.

Before either of them can continue the conversation Tommy cuts in, hands flailing and all. "No, no, no we are Not talking about the sausage incident." He pauses, "Not in front of Wilbur anyway."

Wilbur gives him a strange look, "Y'know what?"

"What?"

"Some things are better off not known. If I had to learn that my baby brother had attempted to deepthroat a sausage, I don't think I could've lived in good conscience knowing that he did it so wrong it's known as the sausage incident." Wilbur concludes with a nod.

"Wilbur, I promise you I did not deepthroat a sausage." His words all scramble out at the same time, almost leading to an incomprehensible mash of words. "I promise you Wilbur I didn--"

Tubbo cuts him off with a well-timed cackle, a wheezing breath, it genuinely sounded painful, if Tommy wasn't trying desperately to convince his brother that he didn't deepthroat a sausage, he would be really worried for his best friend because he is just that kind of a friend.

Ranboo cuts in Tommy's iner ramblings, "My man's fighting for his life here, Tubbo give him a break."

"Aw, please don't say that Ranboo, cuz now it seems like I actually did deepthroat a fucking sausage, which I didn't by the way," He interrupts himself with well-timed look at his brother, leading to more snickers and giggles from both Tubbo and Ranboo. "I'm just saying, if I really

wanted to deepthroat something I would do it in the best way possible because I am a big man and I am the best."

Tommy ends his tirade when someone puts their hand on his shoulder. "Tommy, you do know that you can tell me anything, right?"

Tommy pouts when he sees who exactly put their hand on his shoulder, "Wilburrrrr, Techno's bullying me again."

Wilbur responds by downing his drink, wiping his lips down with a hand and puts that same hand on Tommy's other shoulder. "Well, to be fair Tommy, he was just making sure you know that we're both here for you in whatever capacity you need."

Techno lets them bicker as he settles himself next to Ranboo. Tommy stands, shaking off Wilbur's hand, pointing accusingly at "Wilbur, have I ever told you how much of a prick you are?"

"What are you gonna do about it? Go crying to Phil?" Wil pushes his hands away, which just makes Tommy even angrier. He puffs out his chest and raises his chin to appear bigger than his brother, "You know what?"

Wil taunts him further, "What, hmm? Little raccoon boy? Little zigzagoon-"

Tommy cuts him off with a loud yell, as he takes off running in the direction he had last seen his dad, "PHILLLLL!"

"Wait no, stop it you little brat!" Wilbur runs after his brother almost catching him but just barely missing his shoulder when Tommy ducks out of his reach. The blond sticks his tongue out at the older, to which Wilbur pumps his legs harder and goes faster. Tommy lets out a yelp, beelining towards their father.

They're long out of earshot when Ranboo comments, "Aren't you going to try and stop them?"

Techno just lets out a snort and leans back on the bleachers, "No? I'm not tiring myself out for those idiots."

"Yeah, but aren't they gonna bother Phil?" Ranboo points out to the two halfway across the rink.

"Nah they'll be too tired to get there, rest, then eventually forget that they're mad at each other. Watch." Techno says, closing his eyes.

Ranboo watches as the two do indeed tire themselves out and eventually go and get punch together. "Oh, you're such a good older brother, Techno!" He exclaims.

Techno just opens one eye to peer over at the sandy blond, Tubbo restrains his laughter in fear of being beat up by the third of Philza Minecraft's children. "That better have been a joke or I'm beating your nerd ass up."

"What? What'd I say?" Ranboo looks confused, so Tubbo spares him and finally explains, "Techno's the middle child."

"Wait, like actually?"

"Uh, yeah. Phil adopted Techno first, then Wilbur and Tommy together, like a set. Techno was younger than Wil but still ended up showing him around the house so they split elder sibling duties." Tubbo takes a breath, "It's Techno's turn on Monday, I think?"

"Tuesday, actually." Techno chimes in with a hum.

"Oh, sorry, my bad. It's Techno's turn on Tuesday." Tubbo parrots

"Then why does Wil keep calling Techno his twinenem?"

"It's an inside joke."

"Tech got accelerated with Dream so all three of them are in the same year, but Dream and Tech are like three?" He looks to Techno for confirmation, to which Techno just nods. Tubbo continues, "years younger."

"Wait, hold on. That's a lot of information to take in your telling me Techno's like 3 years older than us?" Tubbo nods his head, "That's weird, Techno seems so much olde-" A glare from the pink-haired man makes Ranboo change his wording. "Mature. You're more mature than the two."

"Of course, I am. I spent the most time with Phil. That's why I'm his favourite."

Tubbo nods along, "Yeah, Phil won't say it but he definitely loves Techno the most."

"How do you know all this, Tubbo?"

Tubbo shrugs, Techno answers for him. "He's been around since he was like two. Phil found him in a box and just took him in like a stray cat. We don't have his real birth certificate so he's technically not our brother. Well, that and he lives with Dream sometimes."

Ranboo was nodding along until the Dream part, he snaps his head to Techno. "Wait, what? Why would he live with Dream sometimes?"

Tubbo rolls his eyes, "We really need to get you a chart of our family trees, Boo."

Techno just sighs, "Ok so far you know that I was adopted first, then Wilbur and Tommy were adopted together, right?" Ranboo nods, "Then we moved, Dream was our neighbor, and Tubbo's his half-sibling or whatever, that we found in one of our moving boxes and adopted. It's not that hard, Ranboo."

"Wha- but you said-"

"No Ranboo, really did the fall mess with your brain or something? This is easy."

Ranboo grumbles, "Fine," He says with a huff, "How about, uh," He looks around the stadium to lay eyes on the raven talking to Dream, "Sapnap? Where does Sapnap fit into this?"

Tubbo winces as Techno hisses, Ranboo looks at his two friends shocked, "What? What's wrong with Sapnap?"

"Yeah, Techie, what's wrong with me?" Sapnap pops out of nowhere, leaning onto Techno's shoulders all smug. Techno grumbles but says nothing. Ranboo looks to Tubbo for an explanation.

"Sapnap was Dream's first friend after Techno," He whispers to the older blond. "They've got beef going on because they're so similar."

Ranboo takes one look at the two, Sapnap twirling his fingers in Techno's hair and saying something that makes the pink-haired man glow red hot with quiet anger. They don't look the same at all, and he tells Tubbo as much, "For what it's worth I don't think they're similar."

"Oh, buddy." Tubbo rubs his eyes, before a wicked idea forms in his brain. "Yo, Dream!" He yells out pretty loud, successfully getting the attention of the older blond a few feet away. Niki had left them at some point, and he'd been quietly talking with George, the entire time Ranboo was worrying about the stupid family trees of this complicated friend group.

Dream jogs over, one hand still clasped in George's, pulling him over as well. He greets Tubbo with a smile, "What's up, Tubbs?"

"Ranboo doesn't know about your bestest friends in the world so I decided to ask you a couple questions for him." Tubbo beams, when Dream gets close enough to ruffle his hair.

Dream glances over to Ranboo, "Uh, sure!"

"Ok, just tell me, either Sapnap or Techno only or like both if both-"

Dream cuts him off with a laugh, "Yeah, I got you, big man. Go on."

"Plays violin."

"Both."

"Plays hockey."

"Both."

"Was in student council."

"Both."

"Anger management issues."

A snicker, "Both."

Tubbo turns to Ranboo and exclaims, "See?! They're so similar."

Ranboo nods sagely, "I see how Techno would be annoyed."

Dream just tilts his head, not unlike a giant dog. "I, uh, what?"

"Well, we were talking about the stupid rivalry they have going on for the title of your best friend." Tubbo says, pointing at the two, basically wrestling each other in the corner at this point.

"Well that's stupid." Dream says, "Sapnap's obviously my best friend. Techno's my rival."

"Damn straight!" Sapnap yells out, from where he's pulling Techno's hair.

"Vouch," Techno says, still monotonous even while biting on Sapnap's arm.

"What was that whole thing ten years ago when Techno constantly thought you were replacing him with Sapnap?"

"Oh, they saw each other all the time after I introduced them. So I think Sapnap was getting on Techno's nerves and now they've decided they hate each other or something." Dream says with a shrug, it's quite impressive with George climbing him like a tree.

"George, are you ok?" Ranboo finally decides to point out how the oldest brunet has been using

Dream like a scratching post the entire conversation. Fidgeting with the other's arms, stuffing his face inside his jacket, forcing the blond to carry him mid conversation, while the blond kept a straight face while talking to Tubbo.

"Yeah, I'm just," He struggles to get his foot completely around Dream's waist as he's now decided to get a piggy back ride from Dream. He sniffles, "cold."

Dream immediately tries to put George down when he hears that, "Why didn't you tell me?" He successfully puts George down and starts taking off his jacket. "Here I'll give you my jacket."

"No, Dream-"

He grabs George's hand rushing towards Wilbur on the other side of the rink sharing a drink with Tommy. "I think Wilbur always carries a spare, if you don't want mine."

"Dream-"

"Do you want me to carry you? I'll carry you." He grabs the back of George's knees with one arm and the small of his back with the other. The Brit flails from the sudden change in position, immediately clinging onto Dream's neck to steady himself.

Ranboo lets out an awkward cough, "Well, that was weird."

Techno furrows his brows as he watches Dream carry George across the rink. "Can we both agree that those two are insufferable?"

"And that George can deal with Dream's shit for the rest of his life?" Sapnap adds on, when Dream is obviously telling George some stupid story because George is now giggling in Dream's arms.

Techno nods. Tubbo just squints at where Dream is now badgering Wilbur, until Wilbur gives in and gives him an extra jacket. He puts it on George and wraps it around the brunet fully, almost tying it like a straitjacket. It makes George laugh again and Dream's smiling down at him.

"Well, those two are weird."

"Agreed."

## Chapter End Notes

lmaooooo hi did i scare any of u

anyways i hope u guys enjoyed this chapter it's way longer than my other ones because i wanted to make up for like an entire ten months i think? of not updating. (i did post a pre-written chapter to a separate fic you can check that out [here](#) )

this chapter was a bit of a struggle. ive been in and out of the hospital for a While now, because of health complications and the whole pandemic thing just wasn't helping. no one could really identify what was going on with me so i kind of used writing as a bit of an escape but i could never really bring myself to post anything because they all felt too unpolished.

ANYWAYS i'm good now and i've been home and healing up so i decided to come back with a bang, hehe.

i hope u guys enjoyed the more SBI centric chapter and the lore dumps. Leave a kudos and a comment.

I'm on [twitter](#) and [tumblr](#) (though i don't know how to use it aksjsj) i also have an [updates/fic only twitter](#) :)

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